

The Uncensored Truth About Germany *An Eyewitness Account*

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS

April 23, 1940

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Between Ourselves

IN the May Day issue we will publish an article by Corliss Lamont especially addressed to the weak-kneed, the faint-hearted—all the glum doomsday men who have been sucked under by a whirlpool of pessimism. "... through all the setbacks to human decency and progress," Mr. Lamont writes, "I can see good reasons for the spirit of optimism."

When we read proof on Milton Blau's story "I Never Found a Job" in last week's issue we half said to ourselves, "Somebody is going to give this lad a job." Sure enough it happened. A small business man called us and said, "I think I can give that boy work. Have him come in and see me right away." Needless to add, we wired Milton Blau right off. He was overjoyed.

The Bill of Rights meeting in Philadelphia sponsored jointly by NM and the People's Forum evoked more stomping of feet and gales of enthusiasm than has been witnessed in that Quaker abode in many moons. William Blake, author of *The Painter and the Lady*, *The World Is Mine*, and *An American Looks at Karl Marx*; Ruth McKenney, author of *My Sister Eileen*, and *Industrial Valley*; and Bruce Minton, co-author with John Stuart of *Men Who Lead Labor* and the forthcoming Modern Age book, *The Fat Years and the Lean*, all trekked down from New York to say their piece for the Bill of Rights and NM. Almost a thousand Philadelphians made the speakers respond with repeated curtain bows after their talks.

NM Editor Ruth McKenney spoke on "Free Press." Bruce Minton told how the imperialist war had come to Philadelphia. He proved his point by mentioning specifically the recent illegal raid of Dies agents on the Philadelphia headquarters of the Communist Party. (The material seized, by the way, has been ordered returned by the courts.)

A tremendous ovation greeted William Blake, who talked about "New Fashions in Liberty." Bill knows his history and in proving one of his points said, "They are trying to pin the foreign agent label on the Communists. Let the twenty million Catholics in this country beware lest they be made the goat for the Communists. ... Remember," he warned, "twenty million Catholics in this country theoretically owe their allegiance to the head of an international body, namely: the Vicar of God in Rome. If they suppress the Communists for being agents of a foreign body, then not only the Catholics, but the Free Masons and

other organizations with international affiliations stand to suffer by precedent. The moral is clear: Catholics, Free Masons, Jehovah's Witnesses, certain sects in the Presbyterians, scores of religious and fraternal as well as social service organizations stand to suffer." Bill was especially interested in the Free Masons because they admit taking a secret oath and incidentally, a past Grand Master of the Free Masons is none other than Franklin Delano Roosevelt of Hyde Park and Washington who claims, among other honors, that of being a thirty-second degree Mason.

In addition to numerous subscriptions, the meeting yielded one of the largest collections ever made in that hall—\$274.91, to be exact, with some pledges not included. NM Readers League applications were distributed to the audience. H. C. Adamson, publicity director of NM, made the collection speech. Norris Wood of the People's Forum served as chairman.

Our two-page appeal of last week brought the following from S. J. of Long Island: "Every week that your appeals have come out I have been going through mental anguish because I was going into my sixth month of unemployment. I finally was offered the job of chauffeur. Despite four years of college and one year of graduate work I jumped at the chance to work, if only to be able to call my soul my own, and incidentally to pay my bills. I know you cannot die, that you must continue to be a clear herald of truth. Your creditors seem to be a bit more insistent than mine so I will let my creditors wait while we join together to take care of yours. Enclosed you will find \$5—one-third of my first week's salary."

Another reader says: "I am just old-fashioned enough to take your magazine and to resent the obvious efforts of certain parties to put you out of business. My antecedents came to this country in the 1700's; many of them have fought in this country's wars for freedom and independence. I wish to fight also as far as I can. Here is \$5. I am not stopping now." E. M., South Carolina.

From Charles Glenn's column in the San Francisco's *People's World* comes a laudatory word for NM forums. It's a strange twist to the value of Dr. Norman Byrne's lectures. Listening to Dr. Byrne each week was a little man who ran for the door immediately after each forum. People wondered. But no more. Recently he approached George Willner, NM's West Coast representative, and complimented him on the forum.

"I just happened to drop in here one night," he said. "I'm in the stock market. I was impressed by Dr. Byrne's lectures. I bought and sold months ahead on his analyses and I've been cleaning up while my friends lost their shirts. Tell Dr. Byrne I think he's wonderful." Dr. Byrne, while impressed, isn't quite certain about the compliment.

Who's Who

ALTER BRODY, the author of several books, has written frequently for NM on European affairs. ... Anna Louise Strong is the author of *I Change Worlds*, *China's Millions*, *One-fifth of Mankind: The Chinese Fight for Freedom*. ... Hans Mueller is a German American who has recently returned from what he describes as a "fact-finding" journey to underground Germany. ... Adam Lapin is NM and *Daily Worker* correspondent in Washington. ... Paul G. McManus is our former NM Washington correspondent. ... David Lord represents the Junta de Cultura Espanola in the United States. He is also director of the

Spanish Institute of Florida, correspondent for *Books Abroad*, and a frequent contributor to *Direction*, *New South*, and many newspapers in the South. ... Robert Stark is a New York economist and writer.

Flashbacks

RIDING ahead to warn refugees John Hancock and Samuel Adams and the farmers along the way that hated British troops were approaching, Paul Revere made his midnight ride April 18, 1775. The following day the battle of Lexington began the first American Revolution. ... "With some the word liberty may mean for each man to do as he pleases with himself and the product of his labor while for others the same word may mean for some men to do as they please with other men, and the product of other men's labor. The shepherd drives the wolf from the sheep's throat, for which the wolf denounces him for the same act as the destroyer of liberty, especially as the sheep was a black one." Thus Abraham Lincoln spoke in Baltimore on April 18, 1864.

This Week

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Think Fast, Think Deep, America!

FELLOW AMERICANS:

The fundamental question of our time is war.

The fundamental desire of our people is peace.

Yet the clamor of Europe's war sounds through our nation, in every factory, school, church, and home. The armies are clashing; the warlords have their Northern front. The war spreads. Tomorrow it may reach the Balkans, overflow into the Near East. The flash of the bomb is mirrored in every headline. The press is violating the most sacred desire of the people—the desire for peace.

President Roosevelt's dictaphone, the *New York Post*, can write on the second day of the Scandinavian hostilities: "The sun seems to shine brighter today. . . . There is hope in our hearts as we listen to the news. . . ." The *Herald Tribune* admits what the people fear above all: "The possibility of American participation" is "definitely increased."

Fellow Americans, the truth is as clear and stark as a skull and bones. Our country is nearer to war today than ever before. The six "quiet" months have passed. The casualty lists were not long enough for the partisans of death. Tory publisher David Lawrence wrote two weeks ago urging that the war be "dramatized." It would make the lot "easier," he said, for "top officials in Germany, Great Britain, and France." Yes, there was great alarm in all the imperial chancelleries that peace might "break out." Well, now they are dramatizing their war. The big show is on. Death, their hero, has made his entrance.

But the American people have bitter memories of 1917. President Roosevelt told us once that our people have a "rendezvous with destiny." That rendezvous, Mr. President, is not with death. The sonorous rhetoric of another liberal still speaks through you. The man who kept us out of war, took us into war: That treachery will never be forgotten. The polls register 77 percent of the nation unequivocally opposed to involvement. Yet we are nearer the brink than at any time since last September.

The stockmarket is always an accurate barometer of death. "The first impulse of the stockmarket," says the

morning paper, ". . . was to advance rather violently. . . . A speeding up of the tempo of the war would mean a speeding up of war business."

This is the crux of the horror. *The war business is speeding up*. Behind that phrase lies all the barbarism of M-day, the rape of human rights, the terror and the killing. The figures on the tickertape are the shorthand of Hell.

Fellow Americans: The war is speeding up. Let us recognize that and calmly but quickly set to work. We have no use for pessimism. This is no time for hysteria, no occasion for fatalism. We, who did not make this war, *can* make the peace. We know that our united power, based upon affirmation of the truth, *can* keep America out of the carnage. There is a will. There is a program.

Thoughtful men and women throughout the country, particularly the men and women of labor, those who stand to suffer most, are banding themselves together into anti-war brigades. "The Yanks Are Not Coming" is more than a slogan; it has become the name of organized thousands who dedicate themselves to achieve that slogan in life. Let us join these groups. Let every college hall and union meeting place resound with the command of peace. Let us bring the story of peace to the millions who do not want this war.

There is an anti-war literature; the truth is down in black and white. Let us bring the pamphlets, the leaflets, the magazines, the press to millions of eager hands.

We, who did not ask for this war, will not be denied. Our destiny is in *our* hands, and we can make the peace if we work quickly, tirelessly. We have the millions, we are the millions. We have a program, we have leaders. We stand by such Americans as John L. Lewis who told the auto workers: "If you don't want your bones to whiten on a European battlefield, then organize, raise your voices, learn to live before you learn to die."

Gentlemen of the stockmarkets, brokers of death, generals, and statesmen: The people serve notice. They mean to live.

THE EDITORS.

A N E D I T O R I A L A R T I C L E

A Policy for the American People

The most serious moment since the fatal April of another generation. "Peace is the only national interest; it cannot be defended by war." There is a way. There is still time.

THE war has begun. That is the decisive, the tragic fact of the past ten days. The first battle has been fought; Germany has occupied its province of Denmark, has beaten the Allied forces to the occupation of Norway. The warlords of Britain and France were keen on a northern front; the front is there now, but it has been turned against them. Germany has shown the world her strength, but it only conceals her ultimate weakness. The Allies have again betrayed their weakness; which they must conceal by drawing deeper and further upon their strength. The first battle was a major battle, but it is not the last. Long before the sun rises upon a permanent peace in Europe, violence will devastate its crossroads; the hope for humanity remains that defeat for one side in the end shall not mean victory for the other.

By the month of April, twenty-five years ago, many battles had been fought, but our country was two full years from the carnage. One generation later, only one battle has been fought, but our country stands closer to this war than it realizes. This is the serious, the essential, the decisive outcome of the battle for Norway. Decisive for us as Americans, decisive for Europe.

THE RIVALS

This war is a war for the control of Central Europe, for dominion over European capitalism. To the men who rule the Allies it poses a dual problem—they resist the encroachment of a rival imperialism, but they must do so in such a way as to preserve the capitalist system in Europe. The men who rule America also want Germany's encroachment resisted; they want the Allies to resist it; they want the Allies to save European capitalism in such a way that the United States emerges as the dominant world power. Long ago the men who rule America decided to win this war for themselves. And when Sumner Welles returned to tell them that the chances of a Munich settlement—directed against the Soviet Union—had been thwarted, the men who rule America insisted that the price of their support to the Allies must be the unfolding of the war in earnest. That explains the President's strange inaction toward Denmark and Norway so remarkably in contrast with the alarms over Finland. The President must have known that Churchill was planning to mine Norway's neutral waters. After the Supreme War Council's session on March 28, Cordell Hull must have known that the Allies intended to force the Scandinavian countries into the war on their side. At least one of the administration's

loquacious ambassadors in Europe must have cabled Sumner Welles the most probable course of Hitler's actions. Yet the noble protagonist of the rights of small nations in the White House made no protest to either Chamberlain or Hitler. No solemn demarche was taken to halt the double rape of little Norway. Each stone was left unturned; every warning left unspoken. Indeed, the administration seems not at all dissatisfied with the course of events; its routine statement of protest was delayed five full days; it would, of course, never have been issued if the Allies, rather than Germany, had succeeded in taking Norway under their "protection."

The issue of the small nations is a fraud; just as fraudulent on Roosevelt's part as it is on Churchill's; just as manufactured on Churchill's part as it is on Hitler's. The bankers and brokers, the buccaneers and bishops who control American life advance the defense of small nations merely as a pretext to justify their own imperialism. Resisting Hitler in Norway, Churchill blandly picks up the Faeroe Islands; urging the "survival of civilization," Mr. Roosevelt arranges for the "protection" of Iceland and includes the strategic shores of Greenland (logically Canadian) under the wing of the Spreading Eagle. Bugabooing Hitler's menace to the western hemisphere, the administration exploits the moment to ask a \$655,000,000 expansion of the navy—above the \$963,797,478 appropriation bill—to extend American lines into the hemisphere of Asia. In the very week when Denmark and Norway were invaded, Cordell Hull's note to Mexico was made public. Little Mexico, our good neighbor, is warned upon the threat of superior force to pay foreign exploiters for the privilege of living on its own soil. Who dares to urge that civilization cannot survive three thousand miles away when "civilization" itself defiles the integrity of Mexico, just below our border?

There are investments in Scandinavia, the newspapers have discovered. Some \$103,000,000 in Denmark, less than \$92,000,000 in Norway. But they are not *our* investments. There has recently been an increase of trade with Scandinavia, and the men who profit by it fear to lose it. But that is *their* fear. No—these investments and this trade are not by any definition vital to the American people. Such stocks and bonds pay no dividends to the people of this country; the people must not be called upon to defend them. In fact, both the investment and trade are trivial: a fraction of the investment in China; 1.8 percent of total American world trade, easily replaced by domestic production, by Canadian

or Soviet imports. It has been a war trade these last eight months: flourishing in munitions, chemicals, aircraft, metals. Such a trade is better lost, for it is the most vicious conceivable type of exchange. It makes possible the death of innocent Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Britons, Frenchmen, Germans; but it is, at the same time, constituted in such a way that *Americans* will be asked to give their lives to maintain it. It is not a fruitful exchange of fruitful goods; it is a reciprocal promise of death—a curse to America.

The entire policy of supporting the Allies short of war—of urging them to do the job of defeating Hitler—is a snare and a delusion. More—it is a technique for advancing the interests of the men who rule America at the expense of their imperialist rivals, at the ultimate expense of the American people. The contention that the future of America rests upon a victory for the Allied powers, the dismemberment of Germany, is horrible and false. As the men who rule the one side lock in deadly combat with the men who rule the other, the difference of degree disappears by degree; they achieve an identity of *kind*. The diseases of Hitlerism have already found a fertile culture in France. In what way do the concentration camps on the one bank of the Rhine differ from those on the other? Neither side in this war is worthy of defense; the victory of one side cannot be a blessing for the other, least of all to the people of our country. From the viewpoint of the future of our own civilization, there is no lesser evil.

PROFITS FROM DEATH

The policy of supporting the Allies short of war is not a policy of peace: It is a peculiar technique which the men who rule America have discovered to advance their own interests. The embargo was lifted to give the bankers and brokers, the steelmasters and merchants of death *their* "business recovery." Five kinds of latest-model airplanes have been sold to the Allies, so that their dollars will hasten the expansion and monopolization of an invention that mankind waited a thousand years to enjoy, that was going to bring a new era to the common people. There is an ugly hypocrisy, a shrewd, mean, devious self-interest in this policy. Nine hundred and sixty leading manufacturing corporations were reported by the National City Bank bulletin for March to have garnered a 98.1 percent increase of profits in 1939; their dividend declarations have exceeded the 1930 levels. The American farmer has paid for these profits by the palsy in his exports; the American worker has not seen the silver lining of them.

Take the presidential decree, freezing Danish and Norwegian balances and credits in this country—a financial measure with no precedent in the case of Belgium, in the cases of Austria, Czechoslovakia, or even Poland. On the face of it, it appears like American assistance to the Allies: preventing the Nazis from claim to Danish and Norwegian gold and credits in American banks. It is that, of course. But more cunningly, it was designed to secure Wall Street's trade and investment in the war-bound territory. Holders of Danish bonds are already getting payment on their coupons which Washington, "the government for, of, and by the people," broke all precedent to guarantee for them.

So little does the administration trust that supporting the Allies will keep us short of war that it has simultaneously boosted the arms budget to an unprecedented figure: over \$2,000,000,000. The American people are paying for this lack of confidence while at the same time they are lulled with the illusory theory that such policies will keep them safe from warfare. In the name of cowardice that passes for statesmanship, the Works Progress Administration, the housing program, the health bill, the Wages and Hours Act are being murdered at the hands of the administration itself—memorials to the great betrayal of the people. The men who cheer the Dies committee get something out of it; the men who plot the rape of the Wagner act aggrandize themselves by it; the men to whom the President showed his secret M-day plans last October—they approve it.

And what are the inevitable implications of such a policy? The deeper and deeper the Allies flounder in a war of their own manufacture, the more they will be forced into reliance upon American capitalism; and the greater the commitments the men of American capitalism make to the Allies, the more boldly they will ask the people to fulfill those commitments. It is impossible to support the Allies without becoming responsible for them; they will not accept our "faith" without demanding an option on our "works." Already this process has begun its fatal course: Speaking in the French Senate a week ago Wednesday, Premier Paul Reynaud argued:

Everyone can now see that the German attack on the neutrals was more than on us. And this must cause every neutral—particularly the United States which stands at the head of the neutrals—to reconsider its position. I need not now labor the point that we are their first line of defense.

And at the very same moment, as though by prearrangement Wendell Willkie, the Republican exponent of the Roosevelt foreign policy, told his cheering audience at Hotel Astor: "There is one thing we are all agreed upon and that is that the French and British way of life shall continue in this world." But six weeks ago 77 percent of those who answered the query of the Gallup poll refused to participate in this war *even if the Allies were losing*.

The men who rule America refuse to ac-

cept this verdict. Already their press is panting: Each headline is more suggestive, each cartoon more wanton; each editorial more lustful. With characteristic indirection, the President advises the people "to consider the potentialities of this war." Characteristically invoking "love" and "positive values," the President himself, before the Pan-American Union last Monday, delivered the most "Spread Eagle" speech heard since the days of Blaine and McKinley. "Peace reigns today in the western hemisphere," he said, "because our nations have liberated themselves from fear." Indeed? Has this fearless Yankee so soon forgotten how American marines were "eliminating fear" from the hearts of men and women in Nicaragua and Haiti? "Peace reigns among us today because we have agreed, as neighbors should, to mind our own businesses." Indeed? How long since Sumner Welles abandoned his meddling in three Cuban governments? And whose business is the State Department at this moment minding in Mexico? in Cuba? in Brazil and Costa Rica? "We did not stamp out nations, capture governments"—no, that is not the American way; the Americans do those things with silken gloves, in the most correct morning and afternoon attire, ever ready to take God's name in justification of their dominion over struggling, impoverished peoples!

Deliberately, the smart young men of the inner cabinet wave the flag for the dollars to follow. Deliberately, they discount the people's wishes, and deliberately, upon plans carefully prepared in advance, they try to force upon the people wishes of their own. Already they speculate upon some sneaky trick to evade the Johnson act, some technique of extending loans and credits to one side of the warring powers. Already they raise the spurious cry of national interest; the New York *Herald Tribune* in its editorial of April 14 blows the bugles, beats the drums:

Today even more than in 1917 war threatens American interests. The only thing that can check it is an overwhelming victory of the Allies and the defeat of Germany. The United States must obviously face the responsibility that it may find itself forced into the fray as the only way in which it can protect its own interests.

There is only one national interest, and that is peace. That is the only national interest which must be defended—and it cannot be defended by war. The threat to this national interest does not come from abroad; it comes from within. To defend this interest, the people need no alliances, especially not with those who could not keep the peace among themselves, who betrayed the instruments of peace for which a former generation died. The American people need a policy: a policy of frankness, of solidarity, a policy which wipes away all fatalism, a policy which inspires the courage of conviction, the knowledge that we can make *effective and secure* the overwhelming will to keep America out of this conflict. It will not do merely to explain the imperialist nature of this conflict on both sides; the menace to our own security comes

from American imperialism. It will not do to resolve that the Yanks Are Not Coming: we must overcome every mood of fatalism that the Yanks Can Ever Be Compelled to Go.

America needs a policy, telling the people *how* their desire for peace can prevail. There is only one method—organization; one mood—courage. There is only one policy—independence. Independence of the old parties, the bankrupt statesmen, the bishops, brokers, bankers, sloganeers, the architects of America's misfortunes.

America must find kinship within itself, kinship with the peoples of all the warring countries, kinship with the folk of neutral nations. And there is at least one powerful neutral, with whom we have a deeper kinship than we realize. There is one free federation of peoples, whose physical dimensions, whose pioneer tradition, whose devotion to the rule of reason give the guarantees that in kinship with them we can restore the world's peace and keep our own. Bounded by two oceans, the statesmen of our country have no confidence in keeping peace. Bounded by two wars, the peoples of the Soviet Union were assured by their Premier Molotov in his address of March 29 that

the task of [Soviet] foreign policy is to ensure peace between nations and the security of our country . . . we must maintain the position of neutrality and refrain from participating in the war between the big European powers.

Our kinship with the neutral Soviet Union need not rest upon agreement with its internal form of government. It need not rest upon anything but the hardboiled recognition of the historic felicity that an alliance of the neutral peoples, first of all the Americans, could bring about world peace, truly save the world for democracy. It rests on the practical, simple assumption, which the Roosevelt administration in its selfish venom has rejected, that by the common action of the American and Soviet peoples the war could be brought to a close and a just peace negotiated. There would be no war in which the American people could then be involved.

The Soviets have challenged us to develop friendly trade relations, to amplify the mutual exchange and flow of goods. They are prepared to pay in gold; they ask no loans or credits. In three months, without unusual exertion, they could absorb a whole year's flow of trade to Scandinavia. Their policy is sure; their people virile; their strength impressive.

America faces a moment more serious than it senses, more alarming than it fully comprehends, more urgent than ever in its history. America faces a difficult path, but the only one. The sooner we begin upon it, the simpler will the problems of the future be. If we can keep our own nation from the conflict, the men and women of both belligerents will owe us an everlasting debt of gratitude. We shall have by securing our *own* peace contributed to *their own* liberation. America needs argument, education, resolve, determination. There is a way. There is still time.

Scandinavia in Flames

The war really breaks out. Alter Brody surveys the race between the Allies and Germany for Norway. What the Allies were doing these past seven months.

THE race between the Allies and Germany for the occupation of Scandinavia, which ended in the Germans' getting there first, is undoubtedly the most important event since the nominal outbreak of the war when Hitler marched into Poland. It has been said that the war is bound to spread now with the possibility of Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Rumania, Turkey, and Italy being drawn in. A much more serious possibility looms—the possibility that Britain and France may now be drawn into the war—the war with Germany. Up to the present they have been chiefly concerned with waging a war against the Soviet Union in the name of fighting Germany. This may seem topsyturvy to people who insist on standing on their political heads instead of using them for other purposes. But it is only a sober Marxian analysis of events which do not make sense unless viewed in that light.

On the face of it, the Allied tactics that have paved the way for the Nazi occupation of Scandinavia have been so unbelievably inept that one is at a loss for an explanation. For five months while the Baltic was frozen and the Narvik route was the only possible one for the indispensable Swedish iron ore to reach Germany, the Allies made no attempt to cut this spinal cord of German armaments. They were much too preoccupied “non-intervening” in Finland to remember that they were at war with Germany. Now that the Baltic is melting and the roundabout Narvik route is no longer vital to Germany, they suddenly decided to mine that route, furnishing by their violation of Norwegian territorial waters the very excuse that the Nazis were waiting for to occupy Scandinavia.

ENCIRCLEMENT REVERSED

Unless the Allies are able to dislodge the Nazis from Norway—and superior German communications via Denmark and, if necessary, Sweden make this highly doubtful—Germany will now have all the resources of Scandinavia instead of half, while the Allies will be correspondingly deprived of their half, as if they had themselves been blockaded. And by the control of the Norwegian and Danish coasts the famous encirclement of Germany has to a great extent been reversed, and the entire British coast including the main base of the British fleet has been brought within easy range of Nazi air and submarine bases.

In reviewing the history of the war and the events that have led to it, the realization grows that it is the history of one Allied miscalculation after another leading to one Allied defeat after another. Manchukuo led inevitably to Ethiopia. Ethiopia led to Spain. Spain led to Czechoslovakia—until the Munich um-

brella, turned inside out by a sudden gust from the East, unfolded unexpectedly into the Soviet-German Non-Aggression Pact. Now the latest example of Allied strategy, the over-advertised attempt to create a Scandinavian front, which was conceived during the Finnish crisis, has finally boomeranged in the form of a Scandinavian front which for the present faces westward toward Britain instead of eastward toward the Soviet Union.

THE ALLIES WAITED

It is now generally admitted that the real war has only just begun. If that is the case, what were the Allies doing all these seven months? They were waiting for something to happen. This was a new kind of war, we were told by Allied propagandists, a war of siege. The Allies did not have to take the offensive. Time was working on their side and in due time Germany would collapse without a struggle. Why did they then suddenly reverse their tactics and take the offensive in Scandinavia with such unfortunate results? The answer is that all this time the Allies were still hoping to *win over* Germany—if one may be permitted to pun on such serious matters—without fighting. That was the gift they were expecting from Father Time. Allied propaganda claims that they are fighting for civilization, and not to defend their imperialist preserves. The fact is that by civilization they mean capitalist civilization—British, French, American, as well as German, Italian, and Japanese capitalism. Hence they were pulling their punches all this time in their fight with their German opponents, trying to save them from themselves.

When Germany and Italy threatened the vital communication links of the Allies in Spain, the Allies helped them throttle the Spanish republic, fearing that a genuine democratic republic might eventually become another threat to capitalist reaction. When the Nazis threatened Czechoslovakia, the Allied watchdog in Central Europe, the Allies betrayed Czechoslovakia to the Nazis in the hope of directing their drive toward the Soviet Union. When the Nazis marched into Poland, the Allies rushed General Weygand (who had delivered Poland in 1920) to faraway Syria to organize an expeditionary force against the Baku oil fields. While the Nazis were quietly acquiring naval and military control over Denmark and through Denmark over the rest of the Scandinavian peninsula, the Allies were building a Mannerheim Line in Finland instead of in Denmark, encouraging Finland to resist the Soviet Union while they blithely wrote off Denmark as a German province. When the Soviet-Finnish war broke out they goaded the Scandinavian countries to inter-

vene to the extent that Sweden so depleted itself of military supplies that according to its own admission it has little left with which to resist Germany. Yet even then there were not wanting signs that pointed to both Germany and the Allies as the probable violators of Scandinavian neutrality.

All through the winter, while they were intervening against the Soviet Union with whom they were nominally at peace, the Allies did not interfere with the vulnerable Narvik shipment of Swedish iron ore to Germany, with whom they were nominally at war. In March, when the Mannerheim Line completely collapsed, the Allies considered sending an expeditionary force through neutral Scandinavia to create a front against the Soviet Union. When that plan fell through, the Allies finally seemed to lose their patience with Germany and mined the Narvik route.

But one must not come to the easy conclusion that the Allies were stupid or lacking in initiative or even the nerve in which the Nazis are supposed to excel. The diabolically calculated game which they played in Spain, in Czechoslovakia, and in Poland took not only subtlety and inventiveness to conceive but required plenty of nerve to carry out, considering the risk they ran in case the Spanish, Czechoslovakian, and Polish bait failed to spring the trap. The Munich plot failed, thanks to the still shrewder Soviet diplomacy and the Soviets' economic, political, and military strength. The Allies found that they had sacrificed valuable strategic positions to their Nazi opponents *in vain*.

POETIC JUSTICE

If the Allies have at last been maneuvered into fighting the war with Germany which they tried desperately to turn into a war against the Soviet Union, there is a poetic justice in the battleground where the war has finally started. When the war nominally broke out last September, the Allies had all Western Europe to choose from, including Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and even the five-hundred-mile-long Franco-German border, which despite past talk of the invulnerability of the Maginot and Siegfried lines has suddenly loomed as a possible theater of war, now that the real war has started. But the trouble with the Western front was that it was too close to Germany and too far from the Soviet Union. The only fronts against Germany which the Allied strategists could envision were the Scandinavian front which faced the Soviet Union as well as Germany, and the Near Eastern front considerably closer to the Soviet Union than to Germany.

On the other hand, from the very beginning of the war the Soviet Union has been

trying to save Scandinavia from becoming an imperialist battleground. In this, of course, it was primarily actuated by its own national interests in keeping the war as far from its borders as possible. During the Soviet-Finnish negotiations last fall, the Soviet Union pared down its requirements for security in the Gulf of Finland (the approach to Leningrad) to the minimum in order to make it easier for Finland to accept them. It desperately wanted to avoid a conflict in Finland which it feared could not be localized. But a Soviet-Finnish conflict that could be developed into a general Scandinavian front against either the Soviet Union or Germany was exactly what the Allies wanted, and the White Guard government of Finland did its best to oblige them. Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, which were in the direct path of the Nazi war machine, chose to forget the real danger from the Nazis and the Allies for the bugbear of a Soviet "menace." Sweden intervened with impunity in Finland against the Soviet Union, though it has not dared to intervene in Norway against Germany. After the smashing of the Mannerheim Line the threat of an Allied expeditionary force to be landed in Scandinavia created the counter threat of German intervention. The Soviet Union hastily tried to save Scandinavia from becoming a three-cornered battlefield by the Soviet-Finnish peace treaty, the most generous peace a vanquished foe has seen in modern times. Instead of cooperating with the consistent Soviet efforts to keep war out of Scandinavia, the governments of Sweden and Norway replied by openly discussing a proposed "defensive bloc" with Finland aimed, as their own propaganda made clear, against the Soviet Union rather than Germany or the Allies. The Social Democratic governments of Scandinavia must share with the Allies the major responsibility for the Nazi invasion of Scandinavia. It was their undermining of Scandinavian neutrality by their open intervention during the Soviet-Finnish war, quite as much as the Allied violation of Norwegian territorial waters, which prepared the ground for the Nazi occupation.

NEW TACTICS

Does that mean that we can expect the Allies to follow their former policy to its logical conclusion and reply to the Nazi offensive in Scandinavia by a counter offensive against the Soviet Union—perhaps in the Near East where they have mobilized an expeditionary force of half a million men two thousand miles from Germany but only four hundred miles from the Soviet Union? It is too early to tell. But it looks as if the Nazi seizure of Norway may cause a change in Allied policy toward both Germany and the Soviet Union. The Allies could afford to sit tight behind the North Sea and the Maginot Line while the Nazis moved east into Czechoslovakia and Poland, and they could even have afforded to bide their time if the Nazis had marched south into the Balkans. But the Nazi seizure of Denmark and Norway has upset the balance of power

between the Allies and Germany that made it possible for the war to be stabilized all this time. The tacit armistice which passed for war while the diplomats continued their fencing is now definitely over. The Allies must reply to the mortal threat which a Nazi-controlled Norway presents, or must sue for peace. As a result they may be forced to explore the possibility of a counter offensive on fronts closer to Germany though somewhat distant from the Soviet Union, such as Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and even France.

If the Allies are really going to fight Germany, they will hesitate to take on the Soviet Union at the same time despite their contemptuous propaganda about the Red Army. Their general staffs have much more reliable information. It is a step which they can consider only if they can get the backing of both Japan and the United States, at present a difficult team for even British diplomacy to hitch to one wagon. At any rate, it is clear that Soviet precautions in locking the eastern shore of the Baltic against the inevitable spread of the war can now be seen to have been taken none too soon. Finland, which the Allies encouraged to resist Soviet efforts to safeguard the Gulf of Finland and incidentally Finland itself, has sacrificed the lives of sixty thousand Finnish peasants and workers to preserve its liberty to be used as a base of an attack on Leningrad. But the people of Estonia and Latvia and Lithuania now have reason to be thankful that their mutual assistance pacts with the Soviet Union have saved them from being stoked into the furnace of imperialist war. But the Scandinavian countries, which so lightly encouraged Finland to play with the firebrand of war, have themselves been thrust into the fire. In the

midst of the official scrapping of treaties and international law—for the duration of the war—by both the Allies and Germany, the return of Petsamo to Finland by the Soviet Union, according to the terms of the Soviet-Finnish peace treaty, is a dramatic reaffirmation of the Soviet peace policy in the North.

SOVIET POLICY

If the war should spread southward to the Balkans, the Soviet Union will take steps to safeguard its security in that quarter as it did in Poland and the east Baltic. In the days of Soviet-Turkish cooperation, Soviet-Turkish policy rested on the principle that no third power should be permitted to entrench itself on the Black Sea. Since the Anglo-French-Turkish pact, Turkey has forsworn that policy. But it is still the cornerstone of Soviet policy in the Balkans. No third power, whether it be Germany via the Rumanian mouths of the Danube, Italy via Albania and Yugoslavia, or the Allies via the Turkish-controlled Dardanelles, will be permitted to penetrate the Black Sea.

The possibility that the Scandinavian success of the Nazis may cause Mussolini to jump on the German bandwagon may restrain the Allies from launching an attack on the Soviet Union in the Near East. But it renders more likely a race in the Balkans between Germany and Italy, toward which the Soviet Union cannot be indifferent. The Soviet Union does not aspire to be the protector of the Balkans any more than it aspired to be the protector of Scandinavia. It is primarily concerned with its own security in the Black Sea. And in case war should spread in that quarter it will take adequate measures to head it off.

ALTER BRODY.

CENSORED BY DEFICIT

Dear Friends:

I have been informed by the Editor that my weekly cartoon cannot appear, in fact, all artwork is being left out of this issue because there is no money to pay for the engraving.

All sorts of things are popping — the war has spread to Scandinavia, and there's plenty of doings in Washington.

And — the New Masses without cartoons! Things must be desperate.

Bill Gropp —

P.S. to Editor

Please print the above letter, am enclosing money for the engraving.

(Please turn to page 30)

Where to, American?

Anna Louise Strong takes a road across the continent. Her interviews with the people chasing 1940's will o' the wisp: a job. The first of two articles.

A FOUR lane highway sweeps up from Los Angeles, rising effortlessly by long curves to the hills by the western sea. Bright sun lies on palms and on shining green of orange groves. So bright that it is a grateful contrast when the car I drive plunges into green dusk of a eucalyptus alley, whose feathery boughs meet in a Gothic arch far above. Out again into sunlight and up, up, up till the road cleaves a sharp, narrow knife through the summit and soars into sky over the edge of the world. On the other side is mist. Range on range of hills rise ghostly out of the mists of the sea. Beyond the mist lies unknown land, my hidden highway. But out of the wall of mist, meeting me, plunge multitudinous autos of the four lane road.

Who are the fools that say the machine age has enslaved man? Not if you command the machine! If you command the machine it is freedom! If you command the machine it is power! If you command the machine, it is joy like the joy I feel as the land slips past beneath me, the green land, the tawny, sandy land, the flat land, the rolling land, the tall land of America. How many millions like myself in America drive amateur express trains over the land at fifty. Surprising that there are not more accidents! Amateurs, not professionals, but the job in other lands is professional. How do we all do it? How do we all know how? There is no other land where we all know how like this.

PRIVATE BEACHES

So I came singing down to the sea, bypassing Ventura, and then turned north by the ocean. A fenced-off ocean of private beaches visible more or less from the auto, but cut off from access by ragged barbed wire or high board fences. I recall the complaint of Los Angeles friends that it is hard to get to the beaches. Hard! A city of more than a million, whose citizens dug a great port out of the mud! A city by the sea, which has scores of miles of beaches! Only it hasn't. Most of the waterfront is privately owned, sometimes by great estates with palatial dwellings, sometimes miles of sand beach, without even houses, just private ocean fenced off for a few. Los Angeles, America's fourth largest metropolis, the latest and youngest—and already most of the pleasure grounds of her people are gone.

A youth by the road stands mutely raising a suitcase. He is asking me for a ride. It is too far back to stop now: he was a pleasant-looking boy in this heat. I realize now that I have passed many without noticing. Here is another, a lad of eighteen who has cannily chosen to wait at a fork in the road where

I must halt anyway. I nod, not so much to him as to all the others I have passed unnoticed, but now have noticed. "Where are you going?" I ask.

"Montana," he says, as if Montana were in the next county.

The casualness of his tone misleads me. "Is there a town near here named Montana?" I ask.

"The state Montana," he says.

"I can get a job in Montana," he explains, tossing his suitcase in and sitting beside me. "A fellow wrote me that I can drive a tractor all summer if I get there by the first of July."

Now, as we drive along, a second view of the land is added to mine. "Gee! What a swell horse! Oh boy! Look at that black soil! It would grow anything." It is clear he has the farmer's eye. To my sense of wide expanse and freedom, he adds the feeling of the fruitful earth. He was raised, he says, on a forty acre farm near Bellingham. Why, that's in Washington, my own home state! I know those little farms of the northern coast; I am not surprised to learn that the forty acres failed to feed his family, and his father is now a carpenter out of a job in Los Angeles, while the mortgage company has the farm. The boy himself has had only occasional odd jobs since he finished high school last February.

His dream is to join the navy. "You can get an education there for nothing. All kinds of correspondence courses. You might learn something that you could use for a job. Or if you wanted to stay in the navy for twenty years—I'd only be thirty-eight then—you get a pension of \$150 a month for the rest of your life." It is not patriotism or love of adventure that lures him; it is craving for full education and security which he does not find in civil life.

He waves his hand at another foot traveler, and I ask him: "Shall we stop?" But it was a wave of triumph; he has no interest in helping others. "Never mind," he says. "I don't know him. I saw him in Santa Barbara where the whole bunch was stuck." But I have already stopped for the boy has interested me in the hitch-hikers. This one is an older man. An accountant living in Kenosha, Wisc., and working for the *Time* and *Life* publishing house in Chicago. It is "slack time," so he is "on vacation," making a tour of the West.

"On vacation"! For a moment the euphemistic words deceive me. Then I see it is the formula, facesaving to him and his employer too. It is humiliating for a man to say: "I have no future." It is unpleasant for an employer—who may be quite human—to say:

"This business can't feed its help." Besides, it may not be forever. Who knows? So they tell him: "Maybe . . . if business picks up." And he tells me: "On vacation . . . seeing the West." Both of us know he is hunting a job, more or less hopelessly. But the polite words save all our faces.

We have picked up a third, tall, gangly, in a cotton suit, once white but now dust-colored. He has no suitcase but carries a small bundle of belongings on a stick over his shoulder. He has worked at odd jobs all over the West. A sailor once, later a laborer on road gangs. He knows the highways foot by foot along the whole Pacific Coast. He helped build them; he has walked them. He talks with the boy about the farms of Bellingham; he knows those too. His last job was smoothing the greens on a San Diego golf course. But the club membership fell off and they had to cut down on help. So he is bound for Monterey, northward on the seacoast. Old Monterey, California's ancient capital in Spanish days.

GOING "HOME"

"Is Monterey your home then?" I ask.

"As near a home as I've got," he says. "I'm from Ireland long ago. But in Monterey I built myself a house once. It was a nice house of cement blocks; it had four rooms. I sure got a kick out of building it; it's the only thing I ever could build for myself. I lived there seven years. I let it go in the depression. For \$1,000; it was worth more. But I had to eat and now I've eaten up that thousand. Monterey is where I go back to. I know more folks there. Maybe some one of them will have a job."

The auto has room for one more so we pick up a darkly tanned man who says he is a printer from Philadelphia. Also "on vacation," a very long vacation which has given him time to visit New Orleans, Dallas, Arizona, New Mexico and acquire his Indian-like tan. He does not hold so closely to the facesaving formula. Almost at once he remarks that there are no jobs anywhere for printers and that maybe, after Seattle, he will go back to Philadelphia again. Will his boss take him back? "Maybe, if business picks up and he's feeling good." Has he a family in Philadelphia? "Yes." It is a short "yes," so I do not ask how the family gets on without him. Probably on relief.

The East, the West, and the Central Plains have met in my auto. A regular Gallup poll on the life of the hitch-hiker, one skilled worker, one unskilled laborer, one white collar employee, one not too hopeful boy. So I ask: "Now that you've seen it all, what do you think of the state of the country?"

"It's all right if you could get a job," says one of them. The others, with trivial variations, say the same.

"I used to think New England was the prettiest country on earth. But now I like New Mexico for the mountains," says the printer. He adds that over in the desert country it is easy to hitch-hike—not many autos but they pick you up. Los Angeles is full of autos but inhospitable.

POLICE CUSTOMS

The Monterey man also dislikes Los Angeles. "The police there have too slick a graft. They arrest you twice in one night and get paid twice for you. That's why they have a night court so they can turn you loose and arrest you over again. It doesn't let you sleep." The boy defends Los Angeles: "Since Mayor Bowron got in, he's cleaned up the police." But the Monterey man is dubious. "Maybe he's cleaned them some, but you can't stop it all when cops have the habit." He seems to be well informed on police customs.

The accountant tells me everyone hopes business will pick up in Wisconsin since they've thrown out Governor LaFollette and put in a Republican. "LaFollette was a Communist," he asserts. To my statement that I have met Governor LaFollette and know he isn't a Communist, he qualifies: "Well, he's some sort of radical anyway."

"Everybody these days is some sort of radical," pacifies the Monterey man. "Everybody with brains," amends the Philadelphia printer, throwing a look of sly scorn at the "bourgeois" accountant.

There is no love lost among these companions in misfortune. The accountant suggests that I lock the car when I get out for supper. "I don't like that fellow in white," he whispers. "When I got out my cigarettes, he grabbed one without asking."

The Monterey man is friendlier than the others. As we draw up late evening into San Luis Obispo, where my coastwise road leaves the main highway, he volunteers to show the rest where to get off. "At the highway junction?" I ask. "No," he says, "at the jail. They have a good jail here that caters to transients."

"Sure they'll take you in," he replies to my amazement. "Why not? The state pays them for everyone they book." He is a bit embarrassed when I insist on details. Behind the bars? Well, yes. Do they charge you with anything? Well, they have to write something in the book to collect from the state. "Vagrancy?" The coarse word annoys him. "Maybe. I never looked. We're just transients," he says.

"Will they make you work?" "Don't care if they do," says the printer. But the Monterey man says they used to make you work on the roads to save county taxes or in the fruit ranches to cut wages, but now that the Oklahomans compete for fruit jobs and the WPA builds the roads, they haven't any work to give the "transients." Not even unpaid work. Maybe they'll make you clean

the jail a bit in the morning. But they won't bring you before a judge; they'll just be glad to have you move on. To my query whether the jails are clean, the printer volunteers: "Not as lousy as they used to be. There's a better class of transients traveling since the depression."

The printer and accountant stop at the jail; the others keep on with me by the coast. The boy is not used to jail yet, while for the man it is his road to Monterey. The highway narrows, curves, plunges into darkness and wet mist. We stop at an auto camp in Morro Bay. "A cabin for one," I say, and the camp keeper looks at me suspiciously, concerned not for my morals but lest I house three for the price of one. "They're hitch-hikers," I say. "Put them out if you insist, or let them sleep in the auto. I'm not paying for them." He lets them sleep in the auto.

Out of morning fog gray waves on black reefs. An oil tanker looms in the mist. A little town sleeps on the beach with milk bottles standing out on the steps. Our road swings high on the cliffs into a patch of struggling sun, then dips into fog again. "That white line sure comes handy," says the boy. He is driving now; he drives well. He itched to feel the touch of it under his hand. "I remember the auto wrecks in Pachecho pass before the white lines," says the man. He knows every curve of this coast road; he helped build it. "A military road," he says.

The fog rolls back, leaving a single fold of cloud clinging white to the rounded hill. Far down gray cliffs the green-blue waters break in foam. Goldenrod and Indian paintbrush riot over the slopes. From a little farm, high up, comes cackle of chickens. We stop on the road for an hour to rest and enjoy the view. There is sun, there is sea, there is time!

SOME TECHNICAL ADVICE

While I look at the sea the Monterey man advises the boy about his trip. "Don't go into San Francisco; you'll get stuck. Get off at San Jose and catch a truck around the bay to Stockton. If you can make one of the valley towns by evening, you might catch a freight over the range and be in Nevada by morning." He explains that hitch-hiking is better by day, since autos are faster than freight cars, which get stuck on hot sidings without food or water; but freights are better at night since you have to sleep somewhere and might as well be making a hundred miles. He says the days when they pulled you off the trains to work in the fields are gone. "There's no place wants you now." So the railroads are "lenient to transients." Of course you don't go to the stationmaster; he has his regulations. You just go to the train and ask the crew when and where she's going. If she's going your way, you climb into a car.

Gnarled pines begin to peep over the hill edges now. We are farther north. Here on the road, looking down on the sea and the goldenrod is a stout, squat structure—"the

Washington School." Then no other building for miles. Somewhere back in the hills are the people. The children come to school by auto and school bus. "Progress," I think. "Everybody goes by auto."

"Down Carmel valley," says the Monterey man, "are a couple of abandoned schools. The old folks died, the banks got the ranches, and the children moved away." Progress went a little too far, it seems.

We come to the Carmel dunes, blazing with sunlight. The Monterey man gets out at a hillside aflame with purple, red, blue, and a dozen kinds of yellow flowers. "I know a man here might have a job," he says, turning down a pathway. Then calling to the boy: "I know where you can get a good meal for a quarter in Monterey."

A DIME A MEAL

"I can't spend that much on a single meal," says the boy. "I've got \$4 to get me to Montana; that's got to include tobacco. I figure a dime a meal and 20 cents when I'm really hungry. That was a good hamburger last night for a dime, but you can't always get such big ones."

I bought a bag of doughnuts in Monterey for the two of us and cut out the restaurants. Time pressed now for us both. For me it meant reaching my sister's Menlo home for dinner, for him the chance of a night freight across the range. Possibly that was why he showed greater excitement over the prosaic highway beyond Monterey than over all the morning's famous scenery along the coast.

"Oh, now look at the road," he exulted, as we swung from the narrow coast road into four straight lanes fit for speeding cars. Suddenly I knew that he had endured all morning the long, winding way over which he drove so expertly, not in joy of its beauty but in deference to me, as the auto's possessor. And I was made sharply aware of the great and bitter cleavage that cuts across our land—our wide land, our fair land and fruitful—between those who move as they list, commanding machines, and those who submit their moves to the machines of others.

Thus began my road across the continent.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

This is the first installment of Miss Strong's continental trip. Another will be published in a later issue.

Ah Neutrality!

PERCY BIDWELL, director of studies of the Council on Foreign Relations, said that this country could easily make out a "technical case" of violations of American law and treaties by the British import and exchange control during the war, but that "as long as total American exports are booming and Allied policy causes no serious interference in our import trade, it is unlikely that retaliatory action will be taken."—*New York "Times," reporting speech at Academy of Political Science, Hotel Astor, April 11.*

The Uncensored Truth about Germany

Despite the Gestapo, Hans Mueller uncovered what the man-in-the-street really thinks. The average citizen is weary of war. The second "Inside Germany" article.

Basel, Switzerland (by mail).

THREE to four hours a day—that is what Frau Schultze must spend to get three pounds of meat, twelve ounces of butter, three eggs, a few ounces of cheese, skim milk, and other articles of consumption. The above is part of a week's rations for three people. Frau Schultze's husband is a bookkeeper in a big Berlin office. Their daughter Else works as a stenographer.

Here is Herr Schultze's story: he is fifty-two years old, he fought in the last war, and for seven of the twenty-one years between the two imperialist wars he was without a job—from 1929 until 1936. Then a friend of his, a Storm Troop commander, got him his present position. Schultze was never interested in politics. He joined the Nazi Party in 1937, simply out of gratitude for the job.

Here is how the Schultze family lives: Herr Schultze gets 320 marks a month, and Else, his daughter, earns 110. The state automatically takes 29 percent out of his salary through the employer (income tax, head tax, war tax, insurance, and several other taxes besides). The daughter has only 16 percent of her salary taken away. So together they pay 116 marks a month in official taxes.

But that isn't all. Every month the collector of the "Winter Relief" knocks at their door and asks for 2 percent of their wages as a "voluntary" gift. After much ado they get rid of him with 5 marks. Moreover, the "Blockwart," that is to say the eye of the Nazis and the Gestapo which supervises the house where the Schultzes live, comes every month and collects 2 marks. For an old and invalid war veteran, says the *Blockwart*. But everybody in the house knows that it is for himself; and everybody pays. After all, he is the man who makes the reports to the Gestapo. Then the Storm Troopers section, the commander of which got Ferdinand Schultze his job, receives another 5 marks monthly. So on the first of every month Frau Schultze has 292 marks to house, feed, and clothe the family for one month—that is about \$121 at the present rate of exchange.

Little enough for a middle class family with two members working. But that isn't the main worry. The main worry is that by the end of the month Frau Schultze is left with about 50 marks which she cannot spend. By no means can she get all the articles she wants.

WAR RATIONS

And the time it takes to buy all the food! Every morning Frau Schultze maps out her day's strategy. She has heard that the corner grocery will get some herrings. She has read an announcement of some new *Ersatz* on the market. She lurks in ambush to find out whether there has been a new delivery of

canned vegetables. But she can buy canned goods only when fresh foodstuffs are gone. She has to open the can in the store, so as to prevent hoarding. But she does hoard just the same. The butcher is an old friend of the family. For twenty years Frau Schultze has been his customer. Sometimes she slips into the butcher's flat and gossips for three or four hours with his wife. She has one thought in mind: to get an additional half pound of meat or sausages. But if a third person is present, another Frau Schultze with the same idea, they talk about everything except the extra meat. When the first ration cards were distributed Frau Schultze got a brilliant idea: She was up early in the morning to get her rations. But the whole neighborhood has had the same brilliant idea. So they all get up early and wait patiently. She comes home weary, footsore, discouraged.

Herr Schultze talks to me about the war: "We are going to win it," he says. "Our Fuehrer is wonderful, and he has something up his sleeve." I know the tune. I heard it in 1938 when the Nazis gobbled up Austria. Then people said: "Isn't he wonderful? He can get away with anything." Herr Schultze uses the same words. He speaks with the same outward confidence. He is sure that Great Britain will be forced to her knees. But there is an undercurrent of anxiety.

We talk about the Jews. He is not an anti-Semite, Herr Schultze says. But for him there is no doubt that the Jews have a hand in this encirclement. The Jews and Great Britain don't want a strong Germany.

He asks me if I have any information about the Soviet Union. When I say I have, he fires question after question at me. He shows neither love nor hatred. He phrases his queries very carefully, and since I have to be careful too, I tell him only one-tenth of what I would like to say. I sense a keen interest in his attitude. And from such remarks as "*Ja, die haben's geschafft*" ("Yes, they've done a big job") I sense a certain respect.

Then Frau Schultze interrupts and the political discussion is at an end. What she wants to know is how people in other countries eat and dress; and if they really can buy everything they want. (She interlards my narrative with numerous sighs of envy and despair.)

Herr Schultze shows me to the door. As he shakes hands with me he asks me all of a sudden and with deep emotion: "Do you really think the war will last long?" When I say I do, he looks sadly at me and then turns sharply away.

I have met many other men of the middle class in Germany. Some of them are convinced that they are going to win the war, and some are not. A few housewives are proud of the

sacrifices asked of them for the sake of the Fatherland, but the majority certainly are not. They hate the blackouts, the war regulations, the food cards, and the whole war as much as Mme. Dupont in Paris does, and Mrs. Smith in London. Although the attitude of the greater part of the middle class toward the Nazi regime seems on the surface unchanged, it can be said that their faith in Hitler and his lucky star is no longer a blind trust. No longer are they without doubts; nor do they have implicit faith in the Fuehrer. Seven years of the Nazi regime have taught them a lesson. The shopkeepers were promised that the department stores would be closed. While the department stores still flourish, over forty thousand small shops have been forced to close their doors and their owners are sent into factories. The same has been true of more than one hundred thousand white collar workers who believed in the Nazi paradise. These are the shopkeepers and the white collar workers who were driven into the arms of the Nazis by the fear of being proletarianized.

A NEW INTEREST

The war came as a shock to the middle class who believed—especially those among them who were ardent followers of Hitler—that Hitler would spare them the horrors of war. The shock was partly removed by the victory in *Blitzkrieg* style in Poland. But part of it remained, and as the war drags on there are again signs of increasing tension. You feel them in the various questions you are asked. Many of them hinge around the Soviet Union. Thus, an engineer would ask me: "Don't you think Hitler must have been pretty badly informed about the situation in Russia when he came to power?" Another would ask: "I wonder what the Russians are going to do?" And a third man would put the question: "Don't you think that Stalin is the real victor?" Old fighters, as those Nazi members who have belonged to the Nazi Party from the very outset are called, are said to nourish hatred still against the Soviet Union. But among the people with whom I was in contact I found either anxiety or interest.

Much as I tried to sense favorable reactions for Chamberlain and Daladier, I must say that I only met two individuals who hoped for salvation from such quarters. A few others thought that the army would step in should something go wrong. But many, I repeat, have begun to look to the East for a solution of the present situation, about which they feel that something is wrong without their being able to explain what it is. I must emphasize the fact that they have just begun to look, and most of these men of the middle class do it reluctantly. But the more the uneasiness

mounts the more they will be forced to think about the reasons for their present despair. They have no confidence whatsoever that the West holds the solution, and they fear that Chamberlain and Daladier are bent on the dismemberment and destruction of Germany in the event of an Allied victory.

CHAT WITH AN INDUSTRIALIST

It was a cold February evening in Berlin. I was having dinner with the President of one of Germany's greatest industrial trusts. My letter of introduction to him was impeccable. So he spoke with a great semblance of frankness.

The dinner was very simple. A little too simple perhaps; I felt he wanted to impress upon me how strictly he was obeying the regulations. But the wines were excellent, and when we settled down in the comfortable drawing room for ersatz coffee and brandy, he offered me an excellent Dutch cigar. As if with a guilty conscience, he remarked: "Every week they send me a box of these from Holland. It's my only vice."

For some time we discussed the war and the political situation. He withheld much, yet what he did tell me was most revealing. He spoke casually, but his words were carefully phrased. "This war," he began, "has been forced on us by Great Britain. The British, you see, are growing old. We are a young people; they cannot keep pace with our new business methods, our new organization of industry and trade. So during the last years British industry and British trade felt jittery about us. Finally, instead of coming to an understanding, they have gone to war against us. Now the die is cast! We are going to see this war through to the bitter end. It will cost the English a lot of their *Lebensraum*. It would have been cheaper for them the other way."

"But you are fighting an empire ruling over one-quarter of the world. And the French are no pushovers either," I interrupted.

"The French Army is very good," he answered, "and so is the General Staff. But they are played out, tired, no morale; they can't stand a long war. The British Army is no match for ours."

"But the fleet?" I asked. "And their growing production of armaments?"

"Certainly they have a tremendous fleet. But you overrate the fleet's importance. Submarines, mines, and especially airplanes, have lessened the importance of the British Navy. And as far as production goes, we produce twice to three times more airplanes, artillery, and machine guns than the British and French together, including their purchases in the United States. Yes, there might come a moment when their production will top ours. But do you think we're going to sit idly by and wait so long?"

"But how about raw materials?"

He proceeded to give me a very lengthy explanation. From it I gathered he wanted me to believe that the Nazis have stored more raw materials than the outside world has

suspected, and that they have speeded up ersatz production. Here is one of the examples he gave me: "Do you realize that already we produce synthetically almost half the gasoline we need?" (Experts estimate that Germany covers at best 25 percent of her oil needs by synthetic production.) "Besides, at the beginning of the war we had oil reserves for eighteen months, and now we need actually less than in peace time." (Experts calculate Nazi Germany's oil reserves as sufficient for about six months of war.) But what he added was even more significant: "You see, whenever we feel that a shortage of certain raw materials threatens us in a few months' time, we will go after them. And whenever we feel that the Allies may cut us off from important sources of raw materials in Europe, we will get in ahead of them."

BEAUTY FLAWS

In the course of our conversation he admitted he didn't like all the features of the Nazi regime. Some of them he called "beauty flaws" — "*Schoenhheitsfehler*." For him concentration camps are "beauty flaws," and he would prefer to get along without them. He heartily dislikes the way Nazi officials poke their noses into every commercial secret of his corporation, although as he remarked with a broad grin: "There are still ways and means of keeping secrets secret." He hated what he called "the bad manners of the Nazi officials." "The main thing," he emphasized, "is that the Fuehrer has put our house in order. Did you know Germany before 1933? It was a chaotic mess. Look at it now: prosperous, orderly, quiet."

"But are you really the boss in your own house? Some people claim that in reality you have nothing to say, and that Hitler has led Germany to a kind of 'dry Communism.'"

"Oh, no! The Fuehrer has saved us from Communism. Some people don't understand that the regulations to which we voluntarily submit are necessary in the interest of the nation at war. They are more than compensated by the enormous advantages National Socialism has given us in bringing about political and social order in Germany. The Fuehrer has smashed the Reds. And he will always smash them. In the last war, too, we had regulations interfering with our production and our exports. If they are better and more tightly organized this time, it is only in the interest of German industry. Victory will make it the most powerful in all Europe."

"But how about Thyssen?"

It was as if an asbestos curtain had abruptly fallen. "Thyssen is a special case," he said. I could get no more out of him on that point.

THE PEOPLE'S MORALE

We spoke about the morale of the people. "I have the feeling," I said, "that they are growing weary of war."

"You are right," he answered, "there is a certain weariness. The *Blitzkrieg* in Poland is six months old already. But another success

will come along soon and pep them up. The Fuehrer's moves have always come in time to destroy doubts and hesitation."

"Yes," I said, "but suppose the real war starts now with very heavy losses? Don't you think that doubts and discontent may crystallize into some kind of action?"

"The real war," he countered, "I mean the war in which giant armies meet offensively and defensively, will be a very short one. Before the people discover that hundreds of thousands have laid down their lives on the field of honor, victory will be ours."

"You are so sure of victory. But war is a risky business. Suppose victory doesn't come? Suppose the war goes on and on. How will you deal with the dangerous situation which might then arise?"

"There can be no doubt about our victory," he declared. "But don't you worry, we have thought over every possibility. A cautious man always has several irons in the fire." That was as much as he would say. What were the several irons in the fire? Goering? The army? I couldn't find out.

THE WORKER SPEAKS

I wish this industrialist could have been present at a conversation I had with a worker in one of his factories. I wonder if he would then have been so cocksure. This reliable, courageous anti-Nazi is working hard and living dangerously as he mobilizes his fellow workers against the Hitler regime. He was as hopeful as other anti-Nazis with whom I had previously spoken. "People are overcoming their fear," he began. "To give you an example: They ordered meatless days in our factory canteen. We asked for more meat. We didn't get it. Well, we didn't go out on strike. But when the factory output sank, we got our meat! Take the Y factory. A week ago, Friday, an anti-Nazi was denounced by a stoolpigeon and arrested. The rest of the workers laid down their tools and sent a delegation to the manager saying that this fellow had always worked well, had done nothing, and that they would not work until he came back. That very afternoon he reported back on the job."

Then taking a leaflet out of his pocket he bade me read it:

The workers of all lands must range themselves with all their might on the side of the Soviet Union, for it is the only power which can bring about a true peace. The Soviet Union will stand neither on the side of Hitler nor on that of Chamberlain and Daladier.

It concluded with the demands: "Higher wages. Back to the eight hour day. Give us food, peace, freedom, bread!"

The worker went on: "In November of last year we were able to distribute four hundred such leaflets by hand in my district. Recently we have been able to spread seven hundred in the same territory. That means seven hundred people willingly run the risk of the severest penalties, including death, to read what we have to say. And we estimate modestly that

no less than twenty people read every copy of our leaflets."

Seven years of ruthless terror by the Gestapo has not been able to stop the circulation of anti-Nazi literature inside Nazi Germany. Sometimes the circulation has fallen; but now, as my friend and others confided to me, it is again rising. The eagerness for news and information is enormous. It is said that 75 percent of the Germans who own radio sets listen in to foreign stations, notwithstanding the danger that it entails. The broadcasts of the Moscow radio in German are eagerly listened to every evening, and discussed the next day in the factories among trustworthy friends.

The broadcasts in the German language of the British and French radio, on the contrary, meet with little success. There is the death penalty for listening to them. But many anti-Nazis explained to me that this would not deter them from listening if the broadcasts were worth while. "But to risk my life," one man said to me, "in order to hear that M. Daladier has been received by the president of the republic, or that a Cabinet meeting has taken place? Not me!" Another disliked intensely the false reports about the situation in Germany: "They're just as big liars as the Nazi speakers!"

FAKE STATIONS

As a special case in point: The fake "underground stations" set up by the French and British in Paris and London have enraged the German anti-Nazis. One leading anti-Nazi told me of two so-called Freedom Stations, operating from France and Great Britain, and worked by German exiles under British and French supervision. "Those people," he exclaimed, "really have no idea what's going on in Germany. It's a disgusting fraud! They are trying to cash in on the success of the genuine Freedom Station which for years was the nightmare of the Gestapo. But we've cooked their goose. We've circulated leaflets inside Germany and exposed the fraud."

Bidding farewell to my friends, I asked them how long they thought this war is going to last. They gave me no answer as to its duration. They are prepared for the worst. But I felt as I left Germany that no matter what happens, no matter how long the war may last, these people will go on fighting against the Nazi regime. And they are certain they will win.

HANS MUELLER.

Profound Convictions

"THERE is a profound conviction among Washington observers that Mr. Roosevelt is concerned about what he believes to be an apathetic attitude on the part of the American public toward the war in Europe . . ."—*Wall Street Journal*, April 10, 1940.

There is a profound conviction among NEW MASSES editors that the American public is concerned about what it believes to be an apathetic attitude on the part of Mr. Roosevelt toward peace in the United States.

A Letter from Slovakia

This is the translation of a letter sent by a Slovak peasant woman to her brother in this country. She is Catholic and never before had anything to do with politics.—THE EDITORS.

DEAR LACO:—First of all: we are alive, the cows had youngsters. The black-white ones are taller and play more. The name on the back side of the envelope is not ours, you know, they look into all letters and arrest many people for having written true things.

I hope you are well and God bless you. Our life is hard and God knows what still will happen. We had to give up all our wheat. They came with carriages from M—— and took it away. A German officer gave us one hundred crowns and a paper. In the paper is written that we shall get eight hundred crowns in March and the remaining seven hundred in May but grandmother says that it is a lie. And if it is not a lie then the money will be worthless at that time. All things get more expensive. Dear Laco, we often think what you would do here without your beloved tobacco. Sugar is rare. They call it the white mystery. In M—— they put a score of youngsters in prison because they've sung a verse:

We are washing without soap
We are sh—— without food

Jano V—— was amongst them. The Hlinka Guards have first beaten him but in the night one of them came to Jano and asked him, "Will you remember me later?" And when Jano remained silent, the man told him, "You must not think that we are not human beings. We must do what we are doing." But there are beasts amongst them. Do you remember S——? He was with them. Christmas night he went out to arrest people in R——. But the following day he was found in the small lake to the left of the road.

They have driven out the Czechs and Jews and many Slovaks. Now they have not enough educated people for the offices. In Ruzomberok, Bratislava, Trencianske Teplice, in M—— and R—— the offices are full of Germans. They don't know how to speak with our people. Even Hlinka, people are now saying. We are freed from the Czechs and now the Germans are sitting on our neck. In R—— the peasants destroyed the tax office.

We got an order saying what we have to cultivate. Father says we'll have a bad crop anyway. I am always afraid about his saying such things. Someone may hear him and tell the authorities.

Do you know that many from M—— were killed in the Polish war? They had to disarm many troops afterward. Thirty are in the military jail because they sang a forbidden song.

Sano Mach came to our village. It was a great honor. He is a cabinet member. The police went from one house to the other to order all men, women, and youngsters to attend the meeting. He told us about the new Slovakia and that we have to be thankful to the great leader, but there was a big noise and Sano Mach got angry. He shouted "Who is not content with the new state?" And we all shouted "We are content!" But then when Sano Mach said that everybody may ask questions someone shouted: "What about getting rid of the foreigners here and having no orders as to cultivation, and cheaper sugar and more?" Then Sano Mach spoke about the future, that it will be very happy and beautiful and that we only must have patience and that the new order will work out very well. But a peasant got up and asked: "What about trying it in another way?" "In what way?" Sano Mach asked. "We have tried it the German way, let's now try the Russian way!" Many shouted "Yes! Let's try the way the Russians handled the matter in Poland!" Sano Mach got very angry and cried: "That's impossible. We would lose our existences!" Then an old peasant shouted "Well, let's lose them, we'll lose a sickness." Sano Mach was quite furious and closed the meeting and they arrested the old man but the other day they released him because he's eighty-three years old and we all love him. You know, he's the grandfather of T——. He says he will live a few more years and the Russians will come over the mountains and there will be justice as it is written in the Bible and the poor will be elevated and the rich sentenced. There are many now who are looking to the mountains and expecting that they will come over. I always think of you when I am listening to such talks.

MARINA.

They've arrested K—— and G——. They say both have distributed Russian papers. Our cousin from Uzhorod was here and told us that thirty-one councilmen from the villages of the Verchovina went over the border and begged the Russians to come in. He told us all people on the Verchovina are convinced the Russians will do so soon.

High Hats in the Ring

The third termers get their war—and an issue. FDR's chances. Where do Jackson and LaGuardia stand? What about Dewey?

Washington, D. C.

WHEN the President was speeding back to Washington a few days ago, he said with appropriate gravity to the assembled correspondents that this was no time to talk about politics and primaries. But of course that is just what everybody in Washington has been talking and thinking about since Scandinavia became a battlefield and the war started in dreadful earnest. No one knows better than the President how strong the impact of international events is on the American scene. One consequence of the hostilities in Northern Europe has already been widely discussed: The chances that Mr. Roosevelt will run for a third term have been catapulted from the realm of fifty-fifty speculation into strong probability.

The war in Scandinavia may even leave the American countryside strewn with political casualties. Certainly it has struck a heavy blow at the aspirations of Tom Dewey at the very moment when he was enjoying the fruits of victory in Wisconsin, Illinois, Nebraska.

A NEW APPEAL

The actual outbreak of large scale fighting has supplied the third termers with an issue, with a heady and dangerous emotional appeal, which the third term movement lacked heretofore. A year ago the third term movement had an issue—the New Deal. The New Deal program had been thwarted to a large extent during the President's first term by a recalcitrant Supreme Court and during the second by a powerful coalition of tory Democrats and Republicans in Congress. That issue has, of course, been dead in recent months. No one any longer expects the President to push forward the frontiers of social legislation or to fight for the retention of progressive measures already on the books.

One by one the progressive and trade union organizations, once the spearhead of the third term drive, have left the bandwagon. Their place has been taken by hack politicians who need the President to ensure their own victory. Sidney Hillman alone of the CIO leaders and a few members of the AFL hierarchy support the President. But the impetus and the appeal which a practically united progressive movement once gave the third term idea are gone.

The war between England and Germany did not in itself act as a satisfactory political substitute. The President early proclaimed a limited national emergency and appealed for national unity. The idea, however, did not catch on completely. War hysteria was cultivated, but it did not flourish. As the war continued, disillusionment with the lofty war aims of the Allies grew, and so did the feeling that the United States ought to keep out.

Now the third termers feel that they have a real chance. They are prepared to trot out

hoary arguments. Don't change horses in mid-stream. This is a real emergency which only Mr. Roosevelt has the experience and background to handle. They will undoubtedly revive the successful slogan of the 1916 campaign: He kept us out of war. The only trouble with the slogan now is that plenty of people know how phony it is.

More important, the President at the moment has the opportunity to get somewhere with the national unity idea. Many in Wall Street, increasingly friendly to the administration, may now jump on the third term bandwagon. They like his policy of direct aid to the Allies, and they feel that a new President would have more trouble in getting away with it. As they see it, direct military participation by this country is becoming a more immediate necessity than ever before. The big boys realize that the President has enough prestige left with the people to have a good chance of doing what at best will be a very difficult job. Big money, plus practically all the Democratic politicians, plus the weak-kneed liberals, plus a number of trade union leaders, plus a large number of people who still have illusions about the administration, will make a pretty formidable combination.

If the President runs, it will be impossible for another New Yorker to join the ticket. That eliminates Jackson and LaGuardia. Both have generously sacrificed principles to make themselves available as possible running mates for Secretary of State Hull. Hull, or perhaps Sam Rayburn, may replace Jack Garner in second place on the Democratic ticket. It is unlikely now that Hull will be the choice for President. Jackson's name was repeatedly suggested by the President as the ideal liberal counterweight for the conservative Hull. Jackson wanted the job badly enough to go back on the promises he made to his liberal friends. The attorney general once had no supporter more loyal than Senator Norris. But today Norris is bitterly disappointed with the equivocating Jackson who plays ball with J. Edgar Hoover. LaGuardia was never considered too seriously in Washington as a vice presidential possibility. The mayor, it seems, did get hints from the White House that he might be just the man to swing New York and other industrial states for Hull. So LaGuardia played close to the regal chair, went to town for Mannerheim Finland, and fought the Transport Workers Union. Both the mayor and the attorney general have succeeded in losing the progressive and labor support which they might have had. They haven't got much in return.

On the Republican side Dewey will probably be the outstanding war casualty. He has money behind him, and he has shown that he is considerably more popular with the Re-

publican voters than Senator Vandenberg. Whether the big boys who choose the candidates will stick by Dewey in a serious international situation is another matter. They may well feel that he is not yet the man to lead the nation into war or perform the arduous duties of a war President. In addition, his youth and inexperience will make him a particularly vulnerable target for Mr. Roosevelt. Vandenberg has gone out on a limb by running in the primaries and losing. That puts Taft in a pretty good position. Less flexible than the other two leading Republican contenders, Taft has restricted the field of his demagoguery by voting uniformly against every progressive bill before the Senate. But he is thoroughly safe and reliable. He has played mildly with keep America out of war slogans which he uses as effective, if thoroughly meaningless, campaign propaganda. Dewey might conceivably be a good vote-getting running mate for Taft. On the other hand, if the boys who control the Republican purse strings are not particularly interested in winning this year, they could run Dewey in first place and finish him off politically.

President Roosevelt's continued silence has, of course, been the chief reason for the indecision of both parties as to their choice of candidates. Even if the President does not publicly announce his intentions until the zero hour, the new international situation may make it plain fairly soon that he will be a candidate. In that event, the picture in both parties may clear up earlier than was expected.

THIRD PARTY POSSIBILITIES

The labor and progressive forces which have been moving in the direction of a third party will be in a much better position to make their plans if such a crystallization takes place. These forces have been greatly strengthened as a result of the primary returns in Illinois and Nebraska. Senator Burke, the Number One enemy of the Wagner act, was soundly trounced in a state which is predominantly agricultural. Rep. Frank Fries of Illinois, one of the staunchest labor supporters in the House, was nominated by a handsome margin, as against a narrow one last year, in a district which is also largely rural. Not only can labor exert its strength at the polls, but it can do so in alliance with farmers.

John L. Lewis has offered the suggestion for a convention of labor, pension, Negro, and farm organizations if the Democratic Party does not nominate a candidate or adopt a program acceptable to labor. The Republican Party he rules out completely as not worthy of discussion. President Roosevelt will be equally unacceptable. If the line-up in both old parties becomes predictable in the near future, a third party movement may move forward more quickly than anyone thought possible. The convention of which Lewis spoke might not have to wait for the results of the Democratic convention. The formation of a third party would represent the chief hope of organizing the people for peace.

ADAM LAPIN.

The Dred Scott of 1940

New York State wants to deport Rosario Churillo back to Ohio.
Depriving those on relief of their constitutional rights.

WHEN Rosario Churillo decided to move from the town of Wooster in Ohio to Mamaroneck in New York, he felt very much happier. The worst days would now be over, he thought. Times had been poor in Wooster; the little community had never quite recovered from the worst of the slump. Josephine, his wife, had not been feeling well, and he was not young any more. There were mouths to feed, although Elizabeth was over twenty-one and wanted to work. But Louis, Mary, and Joseph, his children—and Joseph his stepson—they must eat. His fine boy John lived in Mamaroneck—but it was a letter from his married daughter, Carmela, that made him decide.

"It's cooler here in summer," she said, "right near the Sound we have a beach." Then she added: "And the summer people will give you shoes to mend."

For Rosario Churillo was a cobbler. He had learned the trade in Italy when he was a boy and had worked at it in Wooster. A cobbler, with a handicraft technique, who also knew how to use the machine, and what was more, owned a machine. And so the Churillos decided to transport themselves and the machine, their property, from Ohio to the state of New York. They left behind them memories of the day when Rosario became an American citizen, that July day in 1926. That had been a proud day—to be free in a land free of fascism, to go where you pleased, to do and say what you pleased.

A New York citizen with memories now of Ohio, where business in the cobbler's shop was so poor that a little relief money had to be sent by the welfare people; not, of course, in the early years when he was young, but later, when everything was bad, when so many, many others were also forced to seek help.

And so early in January of 1939 the Churillos moved, to be near their older children. They liked their new home. The family was united. The town was pleasant. As summer came, Rosario put his machine in a little shop and soon customers—summer people—came for heels or soles to their shoes; and to talk, as summer people must talk. Mamaroneck was good, the beaches so fine, the children so happy.

And then came September after the summer visitors had left. On the fifth day of last September there was no money to pay the rent and nothing for food. It was a shame to have to bow the head to necessity but what was one to do? Rosario went to the Mamaroneck relief office. He told his tale of work and idleness, idleness and work—and now no more work.

It was not bad to get the check. A small one for so many people—just \$27.50 for the

month. But it paid for many things, for food, and something to wear, and a bit of tobacco, though not quite enough for a bottle of the cheapest wine. . . .

Four months the checks came. One hundred and five dollars they totaled, for the four months. One day, as Rosario sat in his home, there was a rap on the door. A man came and handed him a paper. He could not understand the words; Elizabeth, his daughter, read them and understood little more. They went to the relief office and asked questions. They were told that the paper was an order requiring them forthwith to pack up bags and belongings, chattels and machines, and return to Rosario's "legal settlement," the state of Ohio.

DEPORTATION THREATENED

There was consternation in the Churillo family. Go back to Ohio? But how? They were told the sheriff would send them. But when they returned to Wooster—what then? How would they live? Relief payments in Ohio were much smaller than in New York. Ohio was hotter and drier. There was no beach. And John and Carmela lived in Mamaroneck. What of them? Why, this was not like America at all, this was like the unhappy Europe which Rosario had quit.

Someone heard of Rosario's plight and told a lawyer. The lawyer examined the papers. He spoke to some friends. They decided to protect Rosario and his brood from deportation. They went to the county court in White Plains and discovered that against Rosario were ranged the New York State Department of Social Welfare and the commissioner of public welfare of Westchester County, in which Rosario wished to remain.

Rosario had never quite learned to speak English. He didn't understand what the lawyers were talking about. He first told them he wanted no money. He'd work for the relief clients, mend their shoes, if the lawyers would let him. The lawyers *would* let him, but not the Welfare Bureau. Relief recipients might walk shoeless in the winter snow—but Rosario could not shoe them. That was the law.

Then friends gathered like a protecting wall around Rosario. Some read about him in the newspapers. Some offered to lend him money. Others brought him their shoes to repair. Before Rosario's case came up in court, he no longer needed relief. He went to the Welfare Bureau and said: "See, I have money now. I don't need relief. I can stay now with my John and my Carmela." But the officers of the state said he was a migrant, not a New Yorker. He had applied for relief before the first year of his stay in New York was completed. He was therefore an indigent "alien."

He must be removed—sent back where he came from—to Ohio.

He felt like weeping. But instead he and his friends raised money. They raised the \$105 he had taken from the state and went now to the relief and offered to pay back every cent. The officials were adamant. Again they said they could do nothing. Work or no work, money or no money, Rosario was a danger to the state of New York, a danger in that he might become a public charge.

Prosperity came to Rosario. His younger daughters got jobs. There was a lining of silver in the storm cloud overhead. But that meant nothing to the law. A principle seemed involved, a legal principle. A new legal principle. Rosario must go.

All of these facts were brought before Judge Coyne in Westchester County Court. He waved them aside. Rosario's affluence was deemed temporary; as the hubbub died, he would grow poor again, his family would become paupers with him. Judge Coyne ordered the deportation to Ohio, but, because he admitted that an important legal precedent might be established by his decision, he permitted an appeal. This appeal came up last week before the New York State Court of Appeals. It created an alignment of forces which indicates how important Rosario became when he moved, without any other idea than to become happier, from Wooster to Mamaroneck. Liberal attorneys like Morris Shapiro and Osmond K. Fraenkel were there to defend Rosario's rights. Henry Epstein, solicitor of the state of New York, presented the official position of the state government. In addition New York City sent its corporation counsel, William C. Chanler, and Westchester County its district attorney.

For the case of Rosario Churillo has become one of the most important in recent legal history. It is a stage in the gradual withdrawal of civil liberties from the people of the United States. It clearly indicates the position of the county, city, and state authorities on the questions involved.

What are these questions? Millions of Americans have asked for relief in recent years. All of the forty-eight states have passed laws which stipulate that a relief recipient must be a resident of the state in which he applies for aid for a period of from one year in New York and many other states, to three years in California. Until this period is past, the applicant's legal residence of "settlement" is in the state from which he came. This term, "settlement," has been in legal existence, as Mr. Epstein stated, since the time of Charles II; it has been revived in recent years for two purposes—at the turn of the century as a weapon against aliens who were swept into America on the last great waves of migration; and during the late and unlamented thirties, to control the migration of those on relief from state to state.

Mr. Epstein's arguments in the court of appeals included the dangerous contention that "non-settled" indigents enjoy limited liberties. He argued that the state must be pro-

tected against paupers. These two claims virtually establish in the eyes of the New York State government a substratum within the population, a group of paupers who have limited civil rights. This policy is linked closely to that expressed by an official of the New Jersey Welfare Department, who recently proposed that relief recipients be denied the vote.

Against this argument, Mr. Shapiro, representing Rosario Churillo, claimed that relief recipients are not paupers, that they are temporarily in need of relief owing to economic conditions beyond their control. Furthermore he pointed out that all American citizens are guaranteed the unlimited right of residence within the boundaries of the United States, a right guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which establishes citizenship as of the United States and of the state in which a citizen is living.

Furthermore, argued Mr. Shapiro, the order to Churillo is a violation of the right guaranteed in the Constitution to "due process of law." Service of the deportation order is mandatory. Mr. Epstein showed that New York State had already deported thirty citizens to other states. It was also stated that New York City has deported over two thousand relief recipients to their places of origin.

Furthermore the law under which the deportation was ordered places no time limit of residence. Thus a resident of New York for the last ten years might be sent to another state at the will of the authorities. No provision is made for the protection of the deportee's property—thus Churillo's shoemaking machinery might be left in Westchester if he is forced to return to Ohio, for he might not have the funds with which to transport it, and the state will not pay for transportation.

IMPLICATIONS

Confirmation of the order will establish state deportation in law, so that it may be used as a means of political reprisal. Further interpretation of the law in this direction would make it a weapon against labor organizers, for it might be applied to "criminals." Labor leaders convicted of "disorderly conduct" (picketing, speaking on street corners, etc.) might thus be prevented from crossing state lines. Nothing in the law upon which the order is based prevents the establishment of other than residence qualifications: Thus it may be used by reactionary officials against their progressive enemies. Of special interest is the secret use of the law, uncovered by the Churillo case. Deportations already made by the state and city prove that a wide body of administrative precedent has already been established.

The Churillo case has created considerable public interest. The American Civil Liberties Union and the National Lawyers Guild are already involved. From all parts of the country lawyers and state officials are watching the case, awaiting the decision of the court of appeals, which is due in about three weeks. In the event of a decision adverse to Churillo,

V. I. Lenin

April 22 marks the seventieth anniversary of the birth of Vladimir Ilyitch Lenin. The heritage of Lenin is international and belongs as much to the American people as it does to the Russian people. On the occasion of his seventieth anniversary NEW MASSES is pleased to publish this tribute from Theodore Dreiser, who is a friend of the Soviet Union because he is a friend of man, a champion of the democratic masses everywhere.—THE EDITORS.

HERE was a man who after practically a lifetime of study and thought, as well as action and address, devoted to a better social order, was at last and suddenly, out of the blue as one might say, confronted by the greatest opportunity ever granted an apostle of progress—a massive but oppressed and restrained empire thrown into his charge to lead and direct.

What has arrested and will ever hold the attention of the world, I believe, was his broad and constructive and effective understanding of what should and could be done with an enormous nation occupying one-sixth of the land of the world, which, owing to the tyranny of the czars, was one thousand years behind the economic, social, and scientific, as well as practical equipment of the America and Europe of his day. Not only was there an old and brutal tyranny to be disestablished, but it was necessary for him to find in those masses and their land the men and means to bring into being a social arrangement that would be humanly equitable and practical. For at the same time that it supplied their necessities, it had to be so managed as to overcome any tyranny-impressed prejudices, fears, restraining religious beliefs operating through them. What was still more difficult was to cause them to feel if not see the import to themselves of all that he was asking them to do. Only the humanity of his spirit enveloping him aurawise could have evoked in those underprivileged millions the necessary faith in, if not an understanding of, his immense wisdom and human charity.

When I was in Russia in 1927 and 1928 I saw in many places a number of the backward lands that had been united by his spirit—peasants and mechanics, women and men, kneeling here and there in worship, if not prayer, before a candle-lighted bust of him, or standing uncovered with bowed heads before it, feeling him to be, as I assumed (and truly enough in my judgment), their savior.

Now is impending a titanic struggle between those who desire to enslave and tyrannize over the masses, and these selfsame masses who no longer are willing to be enslaved. They know now that the conqueror classes desire to dwell in luxury and idleness—they and their children and their children's children. The French Revolution, the American Civil War, and the Russian Revolution have taught them. And now these selfsame Russian masses, liberated by Lenin, are determined never again to be so enslaved. And their battalions will be captained by his spirit. And for one I do not doubt the outcome. Lenin, his Soviet empire, will triumph.

However, whatever the immediate outcome of this contest, Lenin, his Russia, the humanity and justice which at last, and fully, he introduced into its government and statecraft, will eventually succeed. For even though he is no more in the flesh, the social illustration which he provided and which his associates and followers have since carried to its present great power and beauty will never be lost on future generations. Though Communist Russia were weakened, or even beaten, other generations and other nations to come will repeat and realize that which he, Lenin, and his associates and fellow workers, brought into being and which is now functioning as Soviet Russia.

THEODORE DREISER.

an appeal will be taken to the Supreme Court.

Underlying some of the widespread interest is the relatively high standard of relief in the state of New York. New York reactionaries point to the average monthly relief grant in New York, which amounts to \$36.12, as an evil siren attracting the jobless from a state such as Ohio, which pays an average of only \$15.99 monthly. They are asking whether it would not be opportune to reduce the New York standard toward that of other states, so as to curb "immigration."

Another interesting sidelight upon the Churillo case is the manner in which reactionaries are abandoning their favorite refuge of "states' rights" as a defense against "federal central-

ism." They are willing to waive states' rights, indeed they advocate a federal law which would automatically turn all migrants over to federal relief agencies.

Ripping away all the false superstructure of legalism, the Churillo case strikes against human civil rights guaranteed by the Constitution. It is becoming a focal point for all the forces in the reactionary struggle against the impoverished majority of Americans. Solicitor Epstein, noted as a liberal, appears in this case on the tory side of the fence. But he indicates his awareness of the importance of the issues involved. He calls Churillo "the Dred Scott of 1940."

JAMES MORISON.

No Writer Is Safe

John L. Spivak is being hounded by the secret armies. Their harassment threatens every newspaperman, editor, publisher. Governor James signs extradition papers.

GOVERNOR JAMES last week signed an order for the extradition of John L. Spivak from Pennsylvania to Kansas. This action, if permitted to stand, presents far-reaching legal questions which can effectively destroy the right of free press. A number of constitutional experts are alarmed at this possibility.

John L. Spivak is author of a book called *Secret Armies* wherein he made certain allegations about an instructor at the University of Wichita named Kurt Sepmeier. Sepmeier made out what is legally known as an "information" accusing Spivak of criminal libel. (Why Sepmeier did not act until Spivak exposed Father Coughlin, almost a year after the book in question was published, does not belong to the legal aspects of this case.) The governor of Kansas issued to the reactionary governor of Pennsylvania an appeal for the extradition of Spivak. Spivak's attorneys contended that the book was written and published in New York, and therefore the proper place to request extradition was the state where the libel was allegedly committed. They also claimed that the governor of Pennsylvania had no jurisdiction in the matter. The state of Kansas, which had sent two deputies and a deputy attorney general in its anxiety to get Spivak into Wichita, headquarters of fascist Gerald Winrod, replied that a libel had been committed in Kansas when the book was circulated there. They therefore demanded that Spivak be extradited from the state of Pennsylvania where he happened to be under arrest on another libel charge.

EXTRADITION DENOUNCED

Governor James, after listening to the arguments of both sides, signed papers ordering Spivak's extradition. The American Civil Liberties Union, Morris Ernst, who is a libel-law authority, and other prominent attorneys immediately denounced the procedure. They claimed that if it is permitted to stand, then no writer is safe from harassment which may cripple his work for an indefinite time; no writer is safe from having anybody claim that he has been libeled. If the contention of the state of Kansas, supported by the governor of Pennsylvania, is upheld (that the mere distribution of a book in a state is sufficient to cause extradition from any state where the author may be) then the book's publishers, its distributors, the owners of bookstores, and even public librarians who circulate the book, can be arrested, charged with criminal libel and extradited from state to state until all states have had their fill. And since the maximum penalty is one year in prison, then a verdict of guilty would mean forty-eight years imprisonment in addition to fines which aver-

age \$1,000 in each state; forty-eight years and \$48,000 as penalty for alleged libel!

This of course is so absurd that no one would attempt sensibly or legally to defend it except perhaps states under reactionary governments. Nevertheless the new technique opens up an enormous field for badgering with imaginary libel charges not only journalists of the left but other journalists, book publishers, newspaper publishers, magazine publishers, radio commentators, or lecturers.

THE TECHNIQUE

The libel procedure is very simple. An individual files what the lawyers call an "information" stating that he believes he has been libeled. He does not have to prove it. He merely makes the charge. A telegraphic request is then made to the sheriff of a county in another state requesting that the alleged libeler be arrested and held for extradition. The matter comes before the governor for extradition and, if granted, appeals can then be made to take it into the courts. However, the nuisance potentialities of this procedure can be used to put an author to a great deal of expense and trouble before he is able to establish his innocence.

Let us assume, for example, that someone, or some group, is anxious to wreck a publication. A statement appears in the pages of that publication, which may be wholly innocent. An individual living in a distant state, where the governor is known to be opposed to the views of the publication, appears before his county district attorney and states that the editor of the publication libeled him. They wait patiently until the editor happens to be in a state where the governor is known to be unfriendly to the publication. (The editors of numerous publications frequently go on lecture tours which are widely advertised in communities where they are to speak.) A telegraphic request for the arrest of the editor is sent from the state where the "information" is signed, to the governor of the state where

the editor happens to be speaking or spending a weekend. The editor is promptly arrested and held as a fugitive from justice pending the arrival of officers for extradition. The efforts to get out of jail, bail, appearances in court, and so on, effectively keep the editor from his desk with the result that his services to his magazine may be rendered negligible.

This same process applies to any magazine, whether it be the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, or a book publisher or radio commentator, and has a tendency to destroy the right of free press through the simple process of harassment. The claim of the state of Kansas, which was accepted by the state of Pennsylvania, that mere distribution of a book, magazine, etc., in any state makes the author or editor or publisher liable to arrest and extradition to any other state, effectively destroys the liberty necessary to write and to publish. Authors of the type of John L. Spivak or George Seldes, who deal with living personalities and who frequently expose dangers to the democratic system, can thus be effectively badgered and kept from further work, a procedure encouraged by those anxious to silence authors who are not afraid to criticize. Even writers of fiction are not immune to this menace because anyone can claim that a character in a novel is one which he and his friends identify as himself and can consequently claim that he has been libeled. John Steinbeck in his *Grapes of Wrath* tells of conditions among the Okies and their conflict with vigilantes. A vigilante charges that he recognizes himself, gets two or three friends who also say that they recognize themselves, and they claim that they have been libeled. Steinbeck is subject to arrest and extradition in precisely the same way.

FREE PRESS MENACED

In most cases a person who engages in this process of harassment, even if the libel is found not to have been committed and the author is released, is fairly secure from punishment on charges of false arrest because the person who swore out the "information" can claim that he acted in good faith. In many cases these individuals have no property for civil suit for false arrest. They are merely being used by sinister forces anxious to shut up writers of the type that the reactionaries would like to shut up.

Because of these far-reaching effects in the granting of extradition by the governor of Pennsylvania in the case of Spivak, the matter becomes one of the greatest importance to every writer, every publisher, radio commentator, and novelist. It is a problem that cuts to the heart of the right of free press.

PAUL G. McMANUS.

CENSORED BY DEFICIT

Pencil

A short story about a Missouri sharecropper by John T. Appleby.

"I WAS the one that gave Pencil his name. The minute I laid eyes on him I said to myself, 'Of all the lean, tall, hungry-looking men I ever saw, that one there's the hungriest. He looks like a walking lead pencil.'"

"He came down here from Missouri last winter. He was one of that gang of cotton pickers and sharecroppers that raised such a rumpus up there, camping on the roadside and threatening to start a revolution, till the Law broke it up. Then he just drifted around, I guess, and that's how come he showed up in the barn lot one afternoon.

"'Mister,' he says, 'have you got any work around here a man could do to earn himself a bite to eat?'"

"'No, I haven't,' I says, 'and what's more, we don't make a habit of feeding tramps and hoboes around here.'"

"'I'm no tramp,' he says. 'I'm perfectly willing to do any kind of work you want done for a chance to get something to eat.'"

"There was a pile of wood over by the back door that I'd been aiming to chop up for stove-wood for the old woman and never had got around to, so I says, 'Well, I'm always willing to give a man a chance, and I hate to see anybody go hungry. You chop up that pile of wood, and maybe the woman can fix you something to eat when you get through.'"

"He waded right into that woodpile, and I never saw a man as handy with an ax as old Pencil was. He worked for the best part of two hours, and by that time he had a pile of wood big enough to last the old woman a week, all split and stacked as pretty as you please. Just about the time he got through the woman hollered supper, and I told Pencil to come on in and eat with us. He ate like he was better than half starved, and I guess he was. Finally he begged our pardon for eating so much, but he said it was the first square meal he'd had in many a day. The old woman just laughed and told him to go on and get his belly full.

"Then she began to ask him questions about where he come from and where he was going, and got his whole story out of him. Like I said, he'd been picking cotton up in Missouri, and he said when cotton picking was done they didn't have nowhere to go. Then the owners threw a lot of the sharecroppers out when the cotton was in, and Pencil said they all just camped there, hoping the government would do something for them, the way all these shiftless people think the taxpayers ought to feed them. And then the Law run them off, before they began to make trouble. Pencil said he didn't know where he was going, exactly, for work was mighty hard to find, but he was sort of headed south.

"'Where you going to sleep tonight?' I asked him.

"'Just anywheres,' he says. 'I've been sleeping out in the woods most of the time, or bedding down in a strawstack.'"

"'Well,' I says, 'there's an old log cabin out back of the barn, and you can sleep there tonight. It'll keep the cold off of you, anyway.'"

"He thanked me and the old woman and went on out, and I must say he had nice manners. After he left I sort of began to think. He was pretty handy with an ax, and I had a ten-acre piece I'd been studying about clearing off and planting me some strawberries on. But a man can't hire no help nowadays, with everybody working on the WPA and living off the government.

"So when Pencil come up the next morning to thank me for the use of the cabin, I ask him, 'Are you really looking for work, or are you just hoboing through the country?'"

"He said he wanted to work, so I says, 'Well, I'll tell you what: I got a piece of land that I'd like to have cleared. What do you think about staying on here and clearing them ten acres for me?'"

"He said that would suit him just fine.

"'I'll give you 50 cents a day and your meals,' I says, 'and you can live in the cabin and it won't cost you nothing.'"

"'Fifty cents a day?' he says. 'That ain't very much.'"

"That made me mad. 'For a man that ain't got no more than the clothes on his back, that's mighty funny talk,' I told him. 'Well, I ain't begging you to stay. You said you was looking for work, and work's what I'm offering you. You can take it or leave it.'"

"That brought him round, and he said he'd stay. He started right in to clearing off them ten acres, and I must say he sure put it out. I had him split it up for stove-wood, and as soon as he'd get a rick split I'd take it to town and sell it. That was a mighty cold winter we had last year, and a man didn't have no trouble at all selling heating wood. I kept count of it all, and by the time he got through I'd sold 125 ricks, at \$1 a rick. It took him two months to clear off the ground and split the wood, so I was out just \$27. That meant a clear profit for me of \$98. And I got the ten acres cleared into the bargain.

"By that time it was spring, so I had Pencil plow up the ground and we set out the strawberry plants. I kept him busy all spring cultivating those plants, for that's the secret of growing strawberries. You got to keep them hoed out all the time. And the labor cost me so little it didn't hardly count. I'll sure make a killing off those berries next spring.

"Pencil was just as quiet and steady as could be. He was right handy around the place, too, and fixed up a lot of things that needed looking after. The old woman began to take quite a shine to him. He'd help her with her

vegetable garden in the evenings and did a lot of things for her.

"The next thing you know, I begun to hear that Pencil was taking up with Mattie Harris, that humpbacked woman that lives at the edge of town and takes in washing. She's ugly as sin, with that humpback of hers, but then you wouldn't hardly call Pencil no handsome man, either. He'd clean up right after supper and go over to set with her.

"I tried to kid him about it, but he didn't seem to like it very much. 'Pencil,' I'd say to him, 'it does look like a good-looking man could find him a better woman than an old humpback like Mattie.' He wouldn't say a word, but I could see I was getting under his skin. Then the old woman took up for him and got after me for picking on him.

"I didn't dream there was anything serious to it, till Pencil came to me one day towards the end of May and told me he was planning on getting married.

"'Who you going to marry, Pencil?' I asked him, and he told me it was Mattie.

"'Why you don't want to marry no humpback woman like Mattie,' I told him. 'What you want is a good able-bodied woman that can do a day's work in the field.'"

"'No,' he says, 'we've already got our minds made up. What I wanted to ask you was, would you mind if Mattie comes to live with me in the cabin after we get married?'"

"'Why no,' I told him, 'it don't make no difference to me. And I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll let you have next Saturday off and pay you just like you worked the full day. I'll be going to town that afternoon, and I can bring you all back with me in the Ford.'"

"That Saturday when I took Pencil to town I told some of the boys around the courthouse what he was up to, and they liked to laughed theirselves to death. Some of them was feeling pretty good, so they took up a collection and bought the newlyweds a wedding present. Sure enough, when Pencil come out of the courthouse leading Mattie by the hand, just as proud as if he'd caught the prettiest woman in town, the boys up and gave them their wedding present. They'd got them a bushel of onion sets and a great big china chamberpot.

"Next Monday morning I says to Pencil, 'Well, Pencil, Mattie might just as well help you hoe out the strawberries, and I'll pay her just what I'm paying you. Of course she can't work as hard as you can, being humpback, but that'll make up for you not eating with us any more.' Then Pencil drawed hisself up and said, 'No, sir, Mattie's kind of delicate, and I'm not having no wife of mine working in the fields while I'm able to support her.'"

"You know, it's kind of awful to think about. There's Pencil and Mattie, without a penny in the world, going and getting married, and then next thing you know they'll be having a gang of hungry kids, and him making 50 cents a day. It's the taxpayers like you and me that'll have to feed them, for shiftless folks like that never could look after themselves."

JOHN T. APPLEBY.

The State of the Nation

THIS DEPARTMENT, which NEW MASSES presents weekly, is the joint work of a group of correspondents who send us a letter each week telling about the state of their part of the nation. As more correspondents write in, our coverage will increase. We invite our readers to send their contributions of significant happenings, anecdotes, etc., to "The State of the Nation," NEW MASSES.

Johnny Demands Peace

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Eight thousand persons at the "America Declares Peace" meeting held here in the Olympic Auditorium took an anti-war pledge written by Dalton Trumbo, author of *Johnny Got His Gun*. The pledge, which was led by Herbert Biberman, movie director, reads as follows:

"We are Americans—
"We are not the humble subjects
"Of an all powerful government.
"We are the people—
"We are the sovereign citizens
"Of the United States of America.
"We are the government—
"We do not beg for peace like slaves—
"We do not plead for it like serfs—
"We command it!"

Acrobatics by McLevy

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—It's a neat trick to stand to the right of Norman Thomas and still call yourself a "Socialist," but Mayor Jasper McLevy of this city continues to perform it each election day. With Thomas' nomination as Socialist Party candidate for President, the issue of who owns the party in Connecticut has been raised again. The Thomasites and the McLevyites both claim rights to the party label. At the moment it looks as though "left wing" Socialists will go to court to keep McLevy from running for governor of Connecticut as a Socialist; the mayor's party has repudiated the Thomasites because of their "radicalism." To determine what this makes McLevy, a hair compass, a stethoscope, and compound magnifying glass are needed.

Toledo Week

TOLEDO, O.—Fees on public golf links go up. . . . Real Estate Board throws monkey wrench into plans of Metropolitan Housing Authority to block slum clearance program in colored area. . . . Rev. James Gillis, writing in *Catholic Chronicle*, local Catholic weekly, sustains rights of conscientious objectors to war, citing the statement of Francis de Vittoria, noted theologian: "If a subject is convinced of the injustice of war, he ought not to serve in it even on command of his prince." . . . Twenty-nine thousand persons are said to be registered with Toledo's branch of the State Employment Service. . . . The job trend points ominously down-

ward. . . . Overland Motor Corp. is seeking juicy Shell contracts from the British. . . . City ordinance seeks to outlaw sale of ice cream from ye olde time hoky-poky pushcarts. . . . Toledo is trying to obtain food stamp plan for city relievers. . . . Standard Oil fights to keep \$3,000,000 worth of property off the real estate tax duplicate by insisting it be classified as "personal property." . . . Seven hundred more to be slashed from WPA rolls within the month. . . . City Manager George N. Schoonmaker deplores overcrowded conditions at the Municipal Hospital. . . . Martin L. Davey announces intentions to seek governorship on sales-tax-repeal platform. . . . Central Labor Union (AFL) demands Congress insist M-day plans be made public. . . . Toledo *Blade* urges strict neutrality course for US as European conflict widens in scope.

Don't Advertise It!

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Every day the Personal Column of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* carries ads that give "thanks to St. Jude" or St. Luke, etc. for favors granted. Now the *Times-Picayune* is very proud of its "fight for a free press"; it successfully fought Huey Long's proposed tax on newspaper advertising on the ground that such a tax would destroy the Free Press. Recently an honest supporter of freedom of the press decided to test the T-P. He offered the following ad for the Personal Column: "Thanks to Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin for blazing the road to happiness for all mankind." The ad was accepted and paid for, but later it came back to the sender, with his money. Scrawled over the advertising copy was one word, "Censored."

No Peace for Portland

PORTLAND, ORE.—The City Council has banned street sales of Mike Quin's famous pamphlet, *The Yanks Are Not Coming*. The issue of peace, says Mayor Joseph Carson—who heads the local Hoover-Mannerheim committee—is "too controversial." Some Portland citizens say that they can guess why the little white dove has become such a dangerous bird. It is charged that the First National Bank, controlled by the vast Giannini interests, with three other financial powers exerts a large influence on City Hall; and, the story goes, First National has underwritten increased scrap-iron buying to the tune of \$1,000,000. There is intense activity at all the local automobile bone-orchards. This extra scrap iron is not to go to Japan, which is already getting plenty from Portland; it is to be held in readiness for a boom in the price of scrap iron when (and if) America enters the war. No wonder peace is "controversial" in Portland.

Berkeley's Open House

BERKELEY, CALIF.—While a lone girl clerk was trying to register a long line of voters for the primaries, City Manager Hollis B. Thompson and a crew of greeters swarmed the building, amidst flowers, in celebration of "Open House,"

sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce and the League of Women Voters. Manager Thompson presented members of both organizations with a leaflet which stated, among other things: "The various departments of your city government are striving to give you maximum service for each dollar in taxes collected." Maybe the manager was referring to the dog pound, whose expenses are greater than for unemployment relief; or to the Berkeley Hospital where a trade unionist died recently because, it is said, he was neglected when the slimness of his pocket-book was discovered. Or maybe Mr. Thompson meant "the Aquatic Park with its Model Yacht racing course and the new clubhouse of the Berkeley Rod and Gun Club, the property under lease from the city"—one of the places named as a tourist attraction. Visitors are also directed to "the Yacht Harbor—mooring place for two hundred private boats," a construction job that recently made quite a dent in public funds.

Let 'Em Eat Flags

DETROIT, MICH.—New York supplies 102,000 free lunches to its school children; Washington 8,000. Detroit—about one-fifth the size of New York, and considerably larger than Washington—provides only 6,200. Yet when Congressman Rudolph Tenerowicz proposed that Detroit take advantage of the Federal Surplus Relief Corp. to furnish additional lunches at no cost to the city, the Board of Education turned the offer down. It contended that its present system of taxing the teachers to feed the kids is satisfactory, despite a Welfare Department survey indicating that at least 21,274 children between the ages of five and fifteen are probably going to school hungry. The board further contended, according to Tenerowicz, that to provide free lunches for so many children would be "crackpot, socialistic, and un-American."

"We've Got to Stay Out"

LAS VEGAS, NEV.—The unanimous sentiment of the people here is: "We've got to stay out of the war; we can't possibly go in. But how can we stay out? What can we do?" The only papers we get here are the Los Angeles ones and they're awful. The other day there was a tremendous headline scare to the effect that "Russia Threatens US with War." The fifteen line item which followed contained a quotation from *Izvestia* which simply said that if the US continued lending money to the Allies she would find herself following the same path as in the last war. All the papers out here cost a nickel. There's not a bookstore in town, and no decent magazines. But the place is organized to the hilt—everybody, down to the bootblacks, belongs to a union.

The number of transients on the road is appalling. Every day these men and women stand, with their suitcases and packages, patiently trying to thumb a ride somewhere. Symbolically, they stand opposite the Las Vegas Hooverville, a congregation of little shacks built of old tin sheets and cardboard boxes.

Spain's Undefeated

How six thousand refugees begin life again in Mexico. Workingmen and professionals refuse to say die. Their work and morale. The Junta de Cultura Espanola.

THE great victories of history—those that have changed the face of the world—have been won against hopeless odds. That is why the Spanish republicans, whose leaders have had to choose between death or exile (when they were able to choose), are still confident of the ultimate victory of their cause. True, there are people who look upon the Spanish republic as lost beyond possible redemption, who regard the Spanish emigration as a failure, a needless aggravation of the suffering already undergone by Spain's hapless people. But the Spanish emigration is not a failure—any more than the republic is a lost cause—though the same forces that brought about the temporary victory of Franco are moving heaven and earth to destroy the effectiveness of the Spanish migration abroad.

They seek to destroy it because they know what it means to the world; they can already see, as I and others have seen, what it actually can achieve when given half a chance.

There exists a splendid laboratory for such a study—Mexico. There nearly six thousand refugees, selected on the basis of the danger to their lives if they were forced back to Spain, are showing the world what can be done against nearly hopeless odds. There the most outspoken defenders of Spanish democracy are carrying on toward the final victory which they now know can only be achieved in universal terms.

EFFECT OF WAR

The original plan was to bring about fifty thousand refugees to Mexico, but the outbreak of the European war and Daladier's interference forced a halt in this ambitious program. As a result, the number of emigres—scholars, writers, artists, musicians, actors, lawyers, engineers, doctors, and mental workers of all kinds, as well as several thousand agricultural and industrial workers—has remained at around six thousand.

Not only in France are steps being taken to destroy the emigration. All over the world Franco's agents are attempting to discredit the achievements of exiled Spain. To a certain extent they have succeeded. The war in Europe, and the advent of spurious causes such as the defense of Mannerheim Finland, have served to drive the refugees and their problems from the press. The little notice received has been unfavorable. Last September Vincent Sheean published a study of the exiles, in the *New Republic*, which held out little hope for the emigres in Mexico or anywhere else. Such writings have contributed to the widespread impression—so desired by Franco and his backers, because they fear the emigres as they fear nothing else on earth

—that the emigration is the work of madmen, a venture doomed to failure from the beginning.

What is actually taking place in Mexico? Are these six thousand Spaniards facing hunger and hopelessness, as Sheean paints them; or are they finding a place for themselves in Mexican economy? I intend to prove that not only are they finding that place, but they are actually improving the economy of Mexico and contributing in a material way to its cultural progress.

I am not among those who, like Ralph Bates, say that Mexico City has no cultural life. It is true that the Mexican bourgeoisie is cheap and blatant and cruel, that it has little to offer in the way of culture. But the real Mexico—the Mexico of the industrial worker, the peasant, and the Indian, the Mexico which welcomed the Spanish emigres—is turning Mexico City into one of the most interesting cultural cities in the world. To this development the emigres have contributed greatly.

Consider for example the Junta de Cultura Espanola. This organization of the Spanish intellectual refugees is headed by such men as Jose Bergamin, the undoubted leader of the Spanish Reformation which must inevitably ensue; Jose Carner, the last republican minister plenipotentiary to Paris; Roberto Balbuena, who saved Madrid's art treasures during the war; Navarro Tomas, director of the National Library of Madrid; Pablo Picasso, the most famous of living painters; and others of similar standing. Within six or seven months the Junta, working from its headquarters in Mexico City, has been able to unify and coordinate the activities of the exiled intellectuals to such an extent that the brain of republican Spain now has advantages that it did not know even in Spain. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the transfer of Spain's intellect to the New World is working to bring about a real cultural renaissance in the territories of Latin America.

PUBLISHING HOUSES

One manifestation of this renaissance is the Junta's publishing house, Ediciones Seneca. The publications contemplated—some are already in print—embrace many hundreds of volumes; they include the best of Spanish thought both past and present, with special attention given books that Franco and his medieval church are engaged in burning. This is one of the most ambitious publishing ventures ever undertaken on the American continent.

The Junta's books will be published by Industrial Grafica, a large and completely equipped printing establishment operated ex-

clusively by emigres. It represents a triumph of industry and skill. Another printing establishment in Mexico City, Imprenta Madrid, is also operated by emigres.

The Junta's magazine, *Pilgrim Spain*, will soon begin publication in Mexico City. Periodicals already being issued by the emigres there include *Education and Culture*, a pedagogical journal; *Spain Day by Day*, a monthly dedicated to comment on news appearing in the fascist press; *Metals*, an engineering magazine; *Romance*, a literary journal; the weekly newspaper *Boletin al Servicio de la Emigracion Espanola*; and others. Other parts of Mexico have their own emigre publications, such as the *Boletin Espana* of Perote, Veracruz.

UNIVERSITIES

The emigres have just opened the Academia Hispano-Mexicana, which offers university courses of every description. Among the instructors are such well known Spaniards as Roberto Balbuena, Ricardo Vinos, Eugenio Imaz (who is also secretary of the Junta de Cultura Espanola), Antonio Rodriguez Luna, the famous painter, Ruben Landa, Luis Toron, and so on. The Luis Vives Institute, offering courses from kindergarten through high school, is finding generous acceptance among the Mexicans. Here, also, many of Spain's most noted teachers give the benefit of their knowledge to an adopted land. A similar school, the Institute Ruiz de Alarcon, has been inaugurated recently. It also gives courses from kindergarten through high school and some of Spain's best teachers make up the staff. Another ambitious undertaking is the Patronato de Enseñanza Cervantes, which is setting up private schools in such cities as Tampico, Cuernavaca, and Veracruz under the direction of refugee professors.

All visitors to Mexico City have noted the lack of dramatic art. Now several large companies of legitimate Spanish actors, such as the Compania de Arte Lirico Espanol, are taking care of this deficiency.

What about agriculture? The great hacienda at Santa Clara in Chihuahua, which was designed to take care of twelve hundred families, is a going concern. It demonstrates that all the Spanish peasants now imprisoned in France could have been absorbed by Mexican agriculture if Daladier and his fascist backers had let them leave Europe. Other notable agricultural successes—complete settlement of the land, including the building of houses and the full establishment of the emigres on producing farms—have been achieved in Zumpango and elsewhere.

Among the industrial projects inaugurated by the emigres in Mexico City are: the In-

expensive Houses Cooperative, modeled on the Pablo Iglesias cooperative of Spain; the venetian blinds factory, La Ideal; the Laboratorios Electrotecnicos, which carry out highly technical electrical operations; and a flourishing toy factory. Many enterprises of like nature—some large, some small—have been set up in other parts of Mexico where the emigres have gone: Puebla, Pachuca, Tenancingo, Saltillo, etc.

Similar accounts could be given of the Spanish emigration in Chile, Argentina, Colombia, Uruguay, Cuba, Santo Domingo, and elsewhere. There are several thousand refugees in Chile alone—2,500 arrived there on one ship in September—and they are as industrious, ambitious, highly trained, and technically adept as those in Mexico.

To aid the Spanish emigration is to assist in bringing about Franco's defeat and the early advent of the Third Republic. Spain still remains a salient factor in the struggle between left and right that now engulfs the world. All believers in democracy and freedom can register their ideas with telling power by continuing their support of the cause of Spain.

How can we in America do this? By setting up American sections of the Junta de Cultura Espanola—a letter to the Junta at Dinamarca 80, Mexico, D. F., will bring you the necessary details. By sending telegrams and letters to the French ambassador in Washington telling him what you think of the treatment accorded the Spanish refugees by his government. By buying the books published by Ediciones Seneca and Ediciones Quetzal. By sending money to the Comité Tecnico de Ayuda in Mexico City; by sending money, books, typewriters, magazines, etc., to the Junta de Cultura Espanola in Mexico City. By contributing to the Spanish Refugee Emergency Relief Campaign in New York City which is continuing its efforts to save the Spanish refugees in France. By taking part in the movement represented by the Spanish emigres—for a better world, for world democracy, world union, defeat of the reactionary forces which are trying to solve the present crisis by a war against the Soviet Union. Such help will enable the heroic Spanish emigres to win out against terrible odds and to establish a genuine Spanish democracy on the ruins of the brutal fascism imposed on Spain by the united forces of world reaction.

THE REFUGEES' MORALE

When I was in Mexico not very long ago I was struck by the universal good humor and vigorous self-assertion among the refugees of every type. Their gathering place, the Centro Espanol en Mexico, at Balderas 37, was filled with noise and laughter until late at night. The gloom—and there must have been much of it deep inside, the remembrance of murdered wives and children, of friends undergoing torture, of the vast treason of the world—was kept hidden behind the war morale of the republic.

One day in the offices of the Junta de Cul-

tura Espanola I asked Jose Carner, one of the outstanding leaders of the republic, about the morale of those left behind in Spain. "Excellent," he told me. "When Count Ciano visited Madrid he was welcomed with gunfire. And *El Mundo Obrero*, the Communist Party paper, appears regularly despite all efforts of Franco to suppress it."

One day at luncheon I had an opportunity to discuss the future plans of the emigration with Jose Bergamin, Jose Carner, and Roberto Balbuena. Bergamin spoke of Unamuno, of Ortega y Gasset, of Pio Baroja, and other famous figures who had been lacking in loyalty to the republic. There is a suppressed fire, a depth of feeling about this man that make him an outstanding figure even in the place he occupies—that of leader in the fight against clerical reaction within the Spanish Church (Bergamin is a prominent Catholic layman) and leader of the exiles' fight for Spanish culture.

LOOKING TOWARD THE FUTURE

All of these men without exception talked of the future, of the day to come, not the day that had gone. Balbuena expressed his belief in the coming of the Third Republic, and the others concurred with assured conviction.

Carner spoke of the United States, of the help that could come from here. "The republican emigration is a positive benefit for the United States, from every angle, including the political," he told me. "Our influence will do much to keep fascism out of the New World."

That is true. The republican influence has been a great thing for the peoples of this hemisphere. But how anxious are the men who govern these peoples to keep fascism from our shores? That is a question which still needs an answer.

I cannot do better than close this brief

survey of the situation by a quotation from the Manifesto issued by the Junta de Cultura Espanola just the other day in Mexico City:

We, Spanish intellectuals, spiritual heirs of the aspirations of our people, publicly proclaim our decision to spare no sacrifice, personal or otherwise, in order to bring to a victorious conclusion the now universal cause of Spain. We proclaim our unwillingness to continue living in a world in which injustice reigns or which does not aspire to suppress injustice in all its aspects. We confess publicly our faith in the possibility of a universal order of truth superior to brute force. We affirm the subordination of our individual life to the development of the higher values of the human spirit, to the sovereignty of a supreme moral law, personal and collective, without subterfuge or ambiguous formalism, to the conquest of a universal Conscience of man and the conquest of the type of society that would make its existence possible.

To this, the bloodstained flag which represents the unconquerable will of the Spanish people, we call all men of good will in the world. We call especially to you, peoples of America. Here is our voice, our truth, our horizon. We travel the same road. It is our deepest wish that we travel it through as brothers.

DAVID LORD.

War Armour

THE slaughter of men, as well as cattle, has brought profit to the meat-packing industry in the past. So it isn't surprising—except perhaps for the candor—to find this bit by W. S. Clithero, vice president of Armour & Co., in the *National Provisioner*, journal of the American Institute of Meat Packers:

Everyone believes that early peace would result in a serious business collapse in this country and demoralize meat and food prices. This fear has made everyone bearish and unwilling to take any unnecessary risks. . . .

CENSORED BY DEFICIT

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CARL BRISTEL.

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★

Military Communique

THE German occupation of Norway does not seem to be in greater doubt than the incredibly rapid absorption of Denmark. With plans well prepared in advance, coordinated air and naval operations relying upon "fifth columns," the Germans occupied the key coastal towns within a few hours. From Trondheim German troops appear to be cutting Norway's waistline; from Oslo, they spread fanwise, easily disposing of the poorly mobilized Norwegian forces. Most of the population lies in the southern bulge of the peninsula; Nazi reinforcements, arriving by plane with precise regularity, and even crossing the Skagerrak, can easily isolate guerrilla resistance in the north. Sideline strategists in Stockholm and London promise British troops, but it is difficult to visualize large scale Allied movements. Landings against well fortified coastlines are the most difficult military operations, taking months to prepare and execute. Churchillian boasts of decisive naval encounters seem to have been overstated. Some stories from Denmark deny that battles ever took place in the Skagerrak. Minelaying operations along the German Baltic coast are interesting, but irrelevant to the problem of Norway proper.

In the first battle of the war the German advantage seems obvious. Nevertheless, without giving the Allies very much comfort it is possible to note a considerable weakness in the German position. The Nazi lines are longer, more difficult to maintain. If the British have cut off Narvik (which is unconnected with Norway proper) they must be aiming to occupy the Swedish ore fields: a blow that would compel the Nazis inevitably to overreach themselves in Sweden. Germany is a coiled spring in Central Europe; once the spring strikes it also loses much of its power. This is the pattern of German military destiny. Hitler may delay, but cannot change it.

Oil on Troubled Waters

LAST week was Pan-American Week, and newspapers lathered up considerably over the achievements of Pan-American Union, that glorified Chamber of Commerce for Big Business below the Rio Grande. It was a great advertising opportunity for the Free Press; special supplements carried the canned applesauce direct from the mimeographs of corporations interested in Latin-American trade and investments. The State Department could not have chosen a more ironic moment for its stiff note to Mexico on the oil ques-

tion. It was a virtual command that Mexico pay up for the oil properties nationalized two years ago last March. These properties were regained for the Mexican people under their own constitution; the expropriation was upheld by the Mexican Supreme Court last December. Mexico has often offered to compensate the oil companies for their physical equipment; refusing to accept this principle, the companies insist upon a watered value for the fields. They take advantage of Mexico's weak economic position. They have boycotted her oil in the international market. For years they sucked Mexican wealth from its subsoil; their rate of profit in Mexico was several times that in the United States. Now the companies call on the government to act as their collection agency.

Mexico is a test case for American imperialism. Washington is obviously teaching other Latin-American countries not to take their independence too literally. Unless the oil companies are satisfied, the United States threatens to cut off the purchase of Mexican silver under the Silver Purchase Program, thereby wrecking Mexican economy. More than that, Mr. Roosevelt interferes directly in Mexican internal politics. Mexico's presidential elections come off in July, in an atmosphere similar to Spain's in the spring of 1936. The outpouring of hundreds of thousands in protest against "imperialismo yanqui" last week shows how the Mexican people feel about it. But Washington calculates to embolden the reactionary bloc supporting Gen. Juan Almazan, and at the same time create hesitations and divisions in the camp of Gen. Avila Camacho, the popular candidate. Woodrow Wilson handled Mexico roughly in 1915, as old readers of John Reed's reportage will remember. American soldiers invaded a friendly republic across the Rio Grande; two years later, they were themselves shipped across the Atlantic. Mexico is an omen.

The "Anti-Labor" Act

WHEN Ben Gold and ten of his associates were found "guilty" of conspiracy under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, history jumped back many decades. In the early days of capitalism, the term "conspiracy" was synonymous with "organization." The decision of the federal jury in the furriers' case menaces every gain labor made in generations of unstinting, heroic effort.

Though the prosecution made a terrific to-do of alleged conspiracy to restrain interstate trade, the cat came out of the bag in Judge Bondy's charge to the jury when he spoke of "a conspiracy to unionize the entire industry." Assistant Attorney General Henderson went the judge one further. "The conspiracy," he said, "was a success. . . . Every man in the industry is now a member of the union." In other words, the real crime was successful unionization.

Every dirty trick in the government's rich repertoire was used by the prosecution. Avowed stoolpigeons, discredited witnesses, paraded before the jury to ascribe acts of

Lepke-Gurrah violence to the unionists. Counsel for the furriers presented direct evidence to show the real source of the violence and finally Judge Bondy in his charge to the jury told them to "disregard" all the tales of violence. But by that time the dirty work was done—the insinuations and innuendoes had come through. The prosecution was embarrassed when one William Karpouzas, a witness, admitted on the stand that Frederick Whelan, one of the government's counsel, had urged him to "do his utmost to implicate Ben Gold." The witness was promptly held in contempt of court.

The zeal of the government to win a conviction was noted by all workingmen, and it is safe to wager that Thurman Arnold and his big boss have not heard the end of it. Not one CIO or AFL union is safe. No honest unionist is safe. The case will be appealed to the Supreme Court; in the interim friends of labor will not be quiet.

Dies Spanked Again

FOR the second time within a few days the Dies committee has been spanked by the courts for its arrogant disregard of constitutional rights. First Federal Judge George A. Welsh issued arrest warrants for two Dies investigators and a police officer for their part in the committee's Philadelphia raids. Then came the ruling by Judge F. Dickinson Letts of the United States Circuit Court in Washington ordering the release of Philip Frankfeld and Patrick O'Dea, Massachusetts Communist leaders. Without authorization by Congress, the committee had jailed the two Communists on contempt charges in violation of the due process clause of the Constitution.

These are no mere technical errors on the part of Fuehrer Dies and his colleagues. They are integral expressions of the lynch spirit which animates the Dies' conspiracy against American democracy, a conspiracy that operates with the toleration and covert assistance of the Roosevelt administration. The ugly paw of the committee reached out during the past week to smear the boys who fought democracy's battle in Spain. Once more Dies sought his star witnesses among the dregs—deserters and stoolpigeons. And he further showed his devotion to "the Franco way" when he intervened in the affairs of Mexico, raising a cry that Communists were plotting a revolution there when, as everybody knows, it is the fascists—the Mexican Dies—who are preparing an armed uprising.

Meanwhile the Dies committee plays possum in regard to genuinely un-American activities. On the floor of the House the other day Rep. Vito Marcantonio of New York asked: "Will the committee investigate the Ku Klux Klan? The chairman is here. Let us have an answer." But not a peep came from Dies. The Klan rides again, in many parts of the North as well as in the South. But the grand kleagle of the Committee to Investigate Un-American Activities is too busy doing his own night-and-day riding to pay any attention.

A Blue Ribbon Gag

FREEDOM of the press is on the hot spot these days. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* is convicted of contempt of court because it presumed to criticize the action of a judge; John L. Spivak is harassed by criminal libel charges because he told the truth about certain American fascists; and in New York City C. A. Hathaway, editor of the *Daily Worker*, has gone on trial for criminal libel because of articles published in that newspaper four years ago defending the Farmer-Labor administration of Minnesota.

The libel suit against Hathaway was instituted by the widow of Walter K. Liggett, Minnesota editor. After being ignored by the district attorney's office for three years, it has been brought to trial as part of Thomas E. Dewey's campaign for the Republican presidential nomination. Three days after the conviction of Earl Browder on a passport charge, Dewey suddenly moved against Hathaway. He is evidently determined to prove himself as good a crusader against civil liberties as Franklin D. Roosevelt.

In the methods used there is really little to choose between Roosevelt and Dewey. In order to assure a conviction, the prosecution is using a blue ribbon jury. This is a device, legal in New York State, which effectively nullifies the basic principle of trial by jury by excluding from the jury panel all but the well-to-do. This is being challenged as unconstitutional by Hathaway's attorneys, Edward Kuntz and Osmond K. Fraenkel. They showed that of about three thousand persons on the special panel list, 707 live in Dewey's home district. The attorneys demanded that some of Hathaway's neighbors be placed on the jury panel. Judge John J. Freschi overruled their request. It may take the United States Supreme Court to overrule Judge Freschi and the law which permits the vicious institution of blue ribbon juries.

The McLaughlin Law

GOVERNOR LEHMAN of New York signed a bill last week directing the state commissioner of education to establish regulations for religious instruction during school hours. Claiming that the McLaughlin law introduces "nothing new" in the school system, Lehman dismissed the fears of its critics as "groundless." Actually, however, there is more than sufficient ground for concern. Several organizations, including the Teachers Union, the American Committee for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom, and the Civil Liberties Union, have pointed to the fact that this law threatens the principle of separation of church and state.

The effect of the McLaughlin measure is to sharpen the distinction between children of religious and non-religious parents as well as among children of various religious sects. Teachers are placed in the position of checking up on the religious attendance of students who claim absence privileges. The insistence of certain church groups on religious instruc-

tion during school hours indicates that they are more concerned with getting school sanction of religious instruction than they are with the general desirability of such instruction. The issue is not, as these groups claim, religion versus atheism. The issue is the maintenance of the non-sectarian spirit which has been the traditional bulwark of our public institutions. The McLaughlin law reflects an alarming tendency to violate this spirit.

Labor at the Polls

MORE significant than the "Dewey Beats Vandenberg, Roosevelt Triumphs Over Garner" headlines after last week's primaries were the returns from two congressional elections: Senator Burke's defeat in Nebraska and the renomination of Representative Fries of Illinois.

In both cases Labor's Non-Partisan League justly claims credit for the results, a victory for organized workers. Mr. Burke has been a noisy and consistent foe of labor. Two years ago he made a spectacle of himself by obtaining an investigation of the National Labor Relations Board on charges that collapsed in the first few days of the hearings. His recent switch to Roosevelt in support of the latter's war policy was certainly no help to him at the polls. Congressman Fries has opposed any impairment of the Wagner act and voted against funds for the Dies committee; his legislative record is generally progressive.

LNPL's part in the two campaigns is indicated by Scripps-Howard commentator Ludwell Denny's description of the results as "two important victories" for John L. Lewis. But the returns indicate more than that. For almost the first time this year the voters had a chance to express their preference for something besides Woodrow Wilson heirs, boy cops, and evil old men. They expressed it clearly enough in Illinois and Nebraska. Spread the idea that voters can do the same thing nationally, and "third party" will replace "third term" in the headline writers' pet vocabulary.

The Putsch in the ALP

MANY citizens are no doubt tempted to throw up their hands in a plague-on-both-your-houses gesture at the goings-on in the American Labor Party. But the struggle within that organization is of vital concern. At stake is a very simple issue: Shall the American Labor Party be democratically controlled by its membership or shall it be run by a band of self-constituted leaders according to the time-honored methods of Tammany and the Jewish *Daily Forward*?

Last Saturday this group captured control of the state committee when, after a stormy meeting, its candidate for state chairman, Luigi Antonini, was declared elected by a small majority. This result is contested by the Progressive Committee to Rebuild the American Labor Party. The progressives, who nominated for chairman Morris Watson, vice presi-

dent of the American Newspaper Guild, charge fraud, bribery, and the forging of proxies. They intend to carry their fight to the courts where they have won a number of victories in the past.

The right wing faction lost no time in demonstrating its thoroughly undemocratic character. Antonini's first act as chairman was to declare Alex Rose reelected secretary on a voice vote despite the fact that his progressive opponent, Eugene Connolly, seemed to have a majority. Rose, incidentally, had been repudiated by the voters of his own assembly district in the April 2 primaries. The fifteen vice chairmen chosen also included a number of lame ducks, among them Paul Blanshard, Julius Hochman, and Dorothy Bellanca. In the April 2 primaries the progressives swept New York City and received 28,000 votes throughout the state as against 25,000 for the Rose-Dubinsky crowd. Yet it is the latter, representatives of a minority, who have taken over. This does not deter them from attacking the majority as Communists and advocates of dictatorship.

Actually, Mr. Antonini is himself only a proxy. The real chairman of the right wing machine is James A. Farley. The old guardists are trying to mortgage the ALP to the Democratic Party; they would preserve nothing but the shadow of independent, progressive political action. The people of New York and of America cannot afford to let that happen.

Not Honest or Socialist

NORMAN THOMAS and Maynard C. Krueger, respectively presidential and vice presidential candidates of the Socialist Party, are "honest liberals," according to the New York *World-Telegram*, who have "less faith in Russian Communism than they have in American capitalism." The *Times* commends the Socialist Party for being so different from those Moscow Reds; it finds that Mr. Thomas has "a pleasing personality and is highly respected by non-Socialists." The House of Morgan's New York *Sun* is of the opinion that "nowhere could the Socialist Party find a standard bearer of more dignity, better looks, or brighter courage."

This praise from the Lords of Creation is a measure not of heights, but of depths. The professional patriots and labor-haters behold the Socialist Party and find it good. Weak as it is, it serves a purpose.

At its recent convention in Washington the Socialist Party completed the circle. After several years of ultra-radical flirtation, it is back again in the bosom of the ruling class which it had never in spirit really deserted. But it is a complete misnomer to call its leaders "honest liberals." Consider their acrobatics on the peace issue. Thomas insisted that the convention pass a resolution opposing economic aid to the European belligerents and American participation in the war. Yet he and the whole Socialist leadership supported Hoover's Mannerheim relief campaign. The editor of the *Socialist Call*, Gerry Allard, even published an article calling for arms for White Guard Finland. Thomas and his col-

leagues are also opposed to the "Yanks Are Not Coming" movement and support the Rose-Dubinsky cabal in its purge from the American Labor Party of all those who refused to endorse a warmongering, pro-Allied resolution.

The warped outlook of the Socialist Party is also apparent in Thomas' comment that John L. Lewis' proposal for a new political alignment of labor, the farmers, the Negro people, and the old age pension groups is "political romanticism." The Washington convention placed another tombstone on the integrity of what was a working class political party three decades ago.

Too Many Machines?

TECHNICALLY, American industry is equipped right now to produce a national income of ninety to a hundred billion dollars. Labor's productivity has increased 40 percent since 1924; it has more than doubled since 1870. Therefore, we have less income and more unemployment, speedup instead of leisure. This is a scant summary of the report on technology made to the Monopoly Committee (TNEC) by Dr. Theodore Kreps, the committee's economic adviser. There isn't enough purchasing power, Dr. Kreps explained, to absorb the fabulous production possible with new machinery and inventions. It's the old story of monopoly capital: workers displaced by machinery, wealth concentrated at the top, overproduction in relation to consumers' income, no market for the goods, shutdowns and wage cuts.

Nobody can say exactly what percentage of our twelve million unemployed lost their jobs directly as a result of laborsaving devices and speedup. However, economists have estimated that if we returned now to the 1929 level of production there would still be seven million unemployed. The Monopoly Committee heard from Philip Murray, head of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee, that advance in technology threw thirty thousand steel workers out of jobs in the last decade, with forty thousand more scheduled to go in the next few years. R. J. Thomas, president of the UAW-CIO, testified that thousands of auto workers in Detroit alone get only three or four months' work a year. The two union leaders factually contradicted testimony by Edsel Ford and Charles R. Hook, American Rolling Mill Co. president, who profess to believe that mechanical improvements have increased steel and auto employment. The Joads did not testify but their side of the story came in the form of news reports from California that robots producing up to 1,000 percent more than hand labor are ready for use in sugar-beet and vegetable harvesting.

Under socialism, of course, the people control the machine, using its magic potential of abundance—as the Soviet Union is demonstrating. Under capitalism the function of technology is well symbolized by Dr. Kreps' statement that "No machines have been so greatly multiplied or so rapidly improved as the machinery of death."

Readers' Forum

Background of Murder

TO NEW MASSES:—So they finally caught up with the Abe Reles killers and gangsters. Well, we in Brownsville have known about these hoodlums for about ten years—ever since the days of Jimmy Walker. We thought we would be rid of them with LaGuardia in office. But no dice. In fact, the rackets seem to be getting bigger.

Murder, Inc.—that's what the papers have called it. The killers themselves have called it that. They got the title from the blood and thunder movies which they attended.

Some of us used to do the gang's homework when we were kids in Public School 156 at Grafton and Sutter avenues. We admired the gang's bravado so we did their lessons for them and joined them in the tricks they used to pull on the principal. When we grew a little older we played football or baseball in the Barrett Street playground. The Releses and Maxie "The Jerk" Gelobs came around looking for new musclemen to train for their dirty business. It started with bets on games in the playground with assurance that the police wouldn't annoy anyone. Those who were running this small-time racket would take the neophytes to the local movies to show that they were real, generous sports. These youngsters were moved up until finally they were involved in killings for which they received wads of money. For the youngsters it was a lot better than hunting for a job, walking your feet off to all the employment agencies and getting no for an answer. The rackets paid—and paid well. Soon the boys were wearing \$150 suits.

Some of the boys quit the racketeers. That was all due to the work of Sol Rose. Sol was interested in politics. He was what I guess you would call a Red. He invited the boys to come to parties and meetings which his club ran. Sol used to walk into these gangster-ridden poolrooms and talk his head off. They laughed at him. Some of them listened. He got them away from the gangsters. He explained their background to them; he told them why they were doing what they did. Today these boys are members of working class organizations full of hatred for the things which make gangsters of boys. But Sol Rose is dead—somewhere in Spain. He volunteered in the Republican Army when the Spanish War broke out. When his death was announced the boys mourned as though they had lost their own brothers. He meant that much to them.

MORRIS COHEN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Selected Warmongers

TO NEW MASSES:—I don't know what kind of dossier you may be keeping on the subject "Getting America Into the War," but the following notes might be of some use to you and your readers. Of the four items I intend to quote, three classifications might be made: (1) Trial Balloons; (2) Preparing the Ground; (3) Strategy and Tactics—the last subdivided into Foreign and Domestic.

The first is old stuff by now, but must be added for the sake of the record and perspective. Hear Gen. John F. O'Ryan ("Funds-for-Finland") on December 20, 1939: "A stalemate in the war abroad would most certainly affect our future adversely, and only more so if the Allies were defeated. Looking ahead, it is conceivable that in our own

interest we should enter the war now in order to prevent a stalemate. . . ." And just to show that the general's words have not been lost to history, we can release a late recording from the Hearst shop. After an overture of rebuke addressed to Jimmy (the Duke) Cromwell, the New York *Journal and American* of March 26 editorializes: "But let us suppose for the sake of argument that Mr. Cromwell is right, which he is not. If American life, liberty, and safety depend on an Allied victory, what in the world are we waiting for? A result so important to us should certainly not be left to chance. We ought to do all in our power to bring about such a necessary and important victory, not wait for it." Hearst professes not to believe that American life, liberty, etc., depend on an Allied victory, but he probably suspects that many of his readers do so believe, and he doesn't want them to miss any of the arguments. Very thoughtful!

More useful for the "Britain-is-our-leader" faction is the Gallup organization, American branch. According to the New York *Times* of March 3: "Nobody can predict with certainty how American public opinion would react if a German offensive actually seemed to threaten the Allied cause," a statement by the institute said. . . . "The American public might want to have proof that the Allies had made use of their own resources before calling on America, but should a real need be demonstrated it would undoubtedly stir US sympathies." The *Times* heads this: "WILLINGNESS TO LEND TO ALLIES IS FOUND."

Mr. Price M. Carlisle obliges, by interviewing Senator Nye, with an inside hint of the tactics used by the British to foment such "willingness." He indirectly quotes the senator as observing: ". . . the Allies are proceeding in the belief that America cannot be won as an ally again by pleas of common heritages with England, the threat to democracy, or the desire to build a lasting peace. Rather the activities are apparently directed at the American pocketbook, which is counted upon to carry more influence upon legislation than sentiment." He then points out that "the fact that sharp reductions in our sales to Britain have occurred in farm products each of which is an important part of the economy of the section in which it is produced suggests . . . that there is an attempt to build an effective and widespread sentiment for loosening present restrictions on credits to belligerents."

Playing Fifth Column to Downing Street is, among others, Mr. Wendell Willkie whose article in *Fortune* magazine, according to Mr. Arthur Krock in the New York *Times* of March 27, indicates "a firm endorsement of the Hull trade agreements policy, which most Republicans are opposing in Congress." It appears that Willkie considers that "by military supplies we should aid nations attacked by an 'aggressor'—the policy deeply opposed by Senator Vandenberg and his followers; and, though secretly favored, shunned by the administration." But what we want to know is whether the rest of Mr. Willkie's program is also, though shunned, secretly favored by the administration. For, according to Mr. Krock, whose word is good enough for us this time: "His general thesis on foreign policy is stated in this program: Reciprocal trade, with profits for all concerned, which eventually must mean the extension of credit and the repeal of the Johnson act to make this possible. . . ."

It is unnecessary for me to draw conclusions. Plot a straight line from General Ryan through Dr. Gallup and Mr. Willkie, put an arrow at the end of it, and I think it is obvious where that arrow points.

ELVIN ABELES.

Queens, N. Y.

The Response to "Native Son"

Samuel Sillen analyzes the reactions of the nation's press to Richard Wright's book. The first of two articles.

IN A critical essay published three years ago Richard Wright complained that too many Negro novels, poems, and plays in the past were like "prim and decorous ambassadors who went a-begging to white America." They entered the Court of Public Opinion, he wrote, "dressed in the knee-pants of servility, curtsying to show that the Negro was not inferior, that he was human, and that he had a life comparable to that of other people." As a reward for their docility, most of these artistic ambassadors were condescendingly received "as though they were French poodles who do clever tricks."

Challenging the validity of this direction, Wright urged his fellow authors to explore the meaning of their own lives with a view to creating a bolder and more affirmative literature. Negro writing must lose its defensive character. It must cease to be acquiescent. It must dig to the roots of Negro existence in a capitalist society and it must mold the lives and consciousness of the Negro masses toward new goals. The Negro writer "must learn to view the life of a Negro living in New York's Harlem or Chicago's South Side with the consciousness that one-sixth of the earth's surface belongs to the working class." His perspective must not be the palliation of an evil, but the total and unequivocal emancipation of a people and a class.

The intensely charged nerves of *Native Son* originate in this glowing center of revolutionary feeling. Every one of its hundreds of thousands of readers experienced its shock in some degree. This book does not curtsy before the orthodox canons of literary opinion. It is a decisive challenge to our moral and economic order, and readers throughout the country have recognized it as such. Like *The Grapes of Wrath*, says a typical review in the Washington, D. C., *News*, "it is another superb novel to stagger the conscience of the nation." Little more than a month after its publication the book has been bought by a quarter of a million Americans. According to Cass Canfield of Harper, *Native Son* has started off faster than any novel the firm has issued in twenty years. Everywhere one goes, one hears: "What do you think of *Native Son*?" And the question is being asked with an insistence that reflects a shattering experience. Only a novel that raised some of the deepest and most troublesome issues of our time could evoke such a disturbed response.

To give a simple answer to the many questions that are raised about the book is to do an injustice to its complexity and subtlety. Before giving my own further reflections on the novel in a second article, I think that it

will be useful to examine the response of the nation's press to the book. For it is clear that many questions which people ask have reference to the larger social effects of the book. Has this novel by a Negro been used by the press to reinforce anti-Negro prejudice? Has this novel by a Communist been used against the Communists? Are there any variations in the sectional approach to the novel? What has been the response of the Negro press? Such questions are inevitably raised by a novel which deals with vital social materials. In order to answer them as objectively as possible, I have examined over two hundred press clippings, evaluated their tendencies, and sorted out representative expressions for citation in this article.

The general response of the Negro press to *Native Son* is summarized in a leading editorial appearing in the Chicago *Defender* of March 23. The reaction of the *Defender* is particularly interesting, since this influential paper is published in the city where Bigger Thomas was condemned to die. Wright is praised for showing "an indolent, indifferent public the organic weaknesses of the American social order":

While the critics are in unanimity in proclaiming Richard Wright a novelist of the first magnitude, we, who belong to the world of social prescription, of frustrated hopes, of organized discrimination out of which came Bigger Thomas—the main character of the book—fervently hope that *Native Son* shall not only focus attention upon the evils which are visited upon us, but that it shall, by the very urgency of its message, transform a rotten social, economic system into a living democracy for all.

An editorial in the April issue of *Opportunity* points out that "Richard Wright unquestionably has the touch of genius. He belongs to the Negro, but in a larger sense he belongs to America and the world of art and literature." Reviewing the novel for *Crisis*, James W. Ivy says that "it is a profound and searching analysis of the mind of the American Negro and a penetrating study of the tragic position of the Negro in American life." Mr. Ivy believes that "No one can read this story and continue to be complacent about the position of the Negro in American society." Many Negro papers throughout the country carried the Associated Negro Press review by Frank Marshall Davis.

It's going to be interesting [wrote Mr. Davis], to watch the reaction of both black and white America to this masterpiece. Many of our pale brothers, blind to life among Negroes, will want to deny the cruelty of the nation's color attitude;

still others, angered at the truth, will try to condemn the book in self-defense.

One extremely interesting statement by a Negro woman writer appeared as a leading feature article, "Native Daughter," in the Catholic weekly *Commonweal* for April 12. Ellen Tarry wrote:

As a Negro, I have been greatly pleased to note the haste with which the literary world has acclaimed Richard Wright . . . as the greatest writer of his race. . . . However, it is not Richard Wright's laurels that concern me so greatly. It is rather that in Catholic circles many have lamented the fact that the Negro writer who has arisen as the spokesman for his race should be a Communist. . . . Yet as an American Mr. Wright is entitled to his own political and religious beliefs. And we must accept, even if regretfully, the fact that Richard Wright, acclaimed America's most powerful Negro writer, is a Communist. . . . There may be Catholics who will not read *Native Son* because its author is a Communist. But did you ever stop to think that Catholics may be among those who are responsible for some of the conditions that have led Richard Wright into the ranks of the Reds? The time has come for Christian America to shed its coat of hypocrisy and admit its sin.

Reviewing the book for the same publication Edward Skillin, Jr., notes: "As is so often the case in real life, only the Communists succeed in convincing the Negro that they sincerely believe and act on the principle of the brotherhood of man."

The response of the Southern press was far from uniform. The reviews from the border states were most sympathetic. Texas and Louisiana writers appear to have been the most hostile. One of the most outspoken adverse reviews appeared in the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*. It declared that,

while it is a striking and, in spots, beautifully written story, its implications fail to impress us, despite the apparently sincere flavor of the author's psychology. . . . Most Southern readers will find this material irritating, if not outright revolting; if we thought that *Native Son* were significant enough as a novel to warrant the advice, we would recommend that they shove aside their biases and read it in any case. But somehow we do not have that feeling about the book.

On the other hand, the Kansas City *Star* commented:

In a year when the ideals of democracy are once more under challenge and when all Americans are deeply concerned for the plight of Europe's racial minorities, *Native Son* will serve as a reminder that the United States has a race problem that has yet to be solved.

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The reviewer for the Louisville, Ky., *Courier-Journal* was encouraged by the fact

that there are those today who are daring to tell us the truth, however unpleasant it may be. One cannot but think of Hugo, Zola, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and Gorky, and the name of Richard Wright must be added to the list of those who through the medium of the novel have cried out against injustice and oppression.

The Louisville *Times* carried an editorial suggesting that the issuance of this book by a Negro who got his education by using a white man's card to get his books from the Memphis Library, "constitutes the best publicity in behalf of better educational opportunities for Negroes."

Several reviewers attempt to give the impression that this is an anti-Communist novel. *Time* magazine, discussing the scene in which Mary Dalton and Jan Erlone behave with blindness toward Bigger, speaks of the "tragicomic Negrophilous bohemianism which passes among the Communists as a solution of the Negro problem." The lady reviewer for the Houston, Tex., *Chronicle* declares that "at this point the reader damns the stupidity of such idiotic, idealistic Communists and wishes them all in Siberia." (She adds that the novel "defeats its purpose by virtue of sheer universality of appeal—the plea of the 'have-nots' against oppression by the 'haves.'") The Dallas *News* also uses the review to point out that the whole trouble with Bigger is to be traced to the "patronizing" whites of the North. And the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* plays up the impression that the killings in the book are caused by the radicals. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* and the San Francisco *Chronicle* similarly stress the Jan-Mary-Bigger episode in order to indict the radical movement.

But just as many reviews, particularly in the North, object to the book for quite opposite reasons. They criticize the book for being belligerently *pro-Communist*. The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says that it is "a distinctive story despite a suspicion of special pleading on behalf of Communism and the Jewish question." The New Bedford *Standard Times* attacks Wright's "warped ideology" and asserts that the major fault of the book is that "its course is twisted by an attempt to make the Communist Party seem the friend of the Negro." The Des Moines *Register* finds that "the injection of Communism and radical theorizing weakens both the plot and the author's plea." The Worcester *Telegram* says that "As a novel, it is hindered by too much analysis, too much talk, too much propaganda, if we may use the term, for the cause of the Negro and of labor unions."

Some reviewers, like Fanny Butcher of the Chicago *Tribune*, completely ignore the social problem and convey the impression that the novel is a psychological thriller. "The story as a story is splendid," writes the literary critic of the Washington, D. C., *Star*, but "the reviewer cannot for the life of her tell you what Mr. Wright means by it." Prof. Howard

Mumford Jones of Harvard, writing for the Boston *Transcript*, would sympathize with the lady from the *Star*, though he could at least plead that he didn't like the story to begin with. After all, he reasons, Bigger Thomas did get a job, so what's all the kicking about? By contrast, the opinions of the New York reviewers were on the whole intelligent and fair. Most dismal of all the reviews, next to that of Professor Jones, was the one by Jonathan Daniels in the *Saturday Review of Literature*.

In a detailed and stimulating analysis appearing in the *Sunday Worker* of April 14, Ben Davis, Jr., reports that reactions to the book have differed among Communists. His own conclusion is that, despite certain shortcomings, Wright's novel is a "brilliant and courageous job . . . the most powerful and important novel of 1940." The Communist Party, writes Davis, "joins with the Negro people in rejoicing over his magnificent artistry, as a native son of his people and of America." Stressing the fact that the novel is "a terrific indictment of capitalist America," Davis nevertheless feels that the book errs in giving the impression that Bigger Thomas is a symbol of the whole Negro people. He points out that a distorted impression of the Communist position is given by the actions of Jan Erlone and certain portions of Mr. Max's defense speech. He regrets the absence of characters who would balance the picture by showing Negroes whose rebellion against oppression is expressed in constructive mass action rather than in individual violence. Enthusiasm for the book has also been expressed in a warm comment by Mike Gold, who says:

After ten years of fumbling and experiment, of great visions and uneven fulfillments, our American social realism, our American proletarian literature, or whatever critics wish to name it, has finally culminated in two sure classics—Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* and Richard Wright's *Native Son*.

Gold remarks that critics like Henry Seidel Canby would squeeze an anti-Communist moral "out of even a non-partisan turnip." Finally, the reaction of the militant working class press is indicated by Ben Burns' review in the San Francisco *People's World*, which declares that:

[into] the life of white Americans who could never begin to realize what being black meant has come a searing, scorching novel written like a wild, blazing prairie fire, burning indelibly an impression that becomes to every reader a vital experience of a lifetime.

What is one to conclude from all these reactions? There is fairly universal agreement that Richard Wright, who was virtually unheard of a year or two ago, is one of the leading American novelists. Most readers and critics are agreed that *Native Son* is a novel of tremendous dramatic impact. On the social meaning of the novel there is a division of opinion. The Negro press regards *Native Son* as a smashing challenge to inequality. A sec-

tion of the nation's press uses the book as a confirmation of anti-Communist prejudice. Another treats it as a propaganda tract for Communism. The press reaction indicates that there is a correlation between the degree of a reviewer's progressivism and the degree of his enthusiasm for the book.

And yet there are some people whose questions about the book derive from their uncertainty that its total effect will be progressive—an uncertainty which, incidentally, is not shared by the Birmingham, Ala., librarians who banned the book. There is obviously a problem here which goes to the heart of esthetic and social theory. Was Sterling North of the *Chicago News* right in saying that if the novel is read with the sensitive perception with which it was written, it will be a powerful force for progress; but that if it is read unsympathetically by a reader whose social prejudices are deeply entrenched it may have a contrary effect? Of what subtle elements must a novel be compounded to produce such contradictory possibilities? Could Wright have mastered his problem more skillfully? Are there elements in the book which need more emphasis than they have so far received? Next week I shall attempt to answer these questions.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

Memorial Day Massacre

CITIZENS, by Meyer Levin. Viking Press. \$2.75.

MEYER LEVIN has written a novel around the Memorial Day Massacre in Chicago, 1937.

I use the word "around," precisely, for *Citizens* is not *about* the ten who died, shot by the Chicago police; it is not *about* the CIO's strike against Tom Girdler and Little Steel. *Citizens* is the story of an American "liberal," and what he saw, and thought, and did about the murder of ten American workers, killed in cold blood as they peacefully picketed the plant of Republic Steel.

Citizens is Dr. Mitch Wilner's story. Mr. Levin constructs a dull American liberal who muddled into the dreadful, bloody, heroic Little Steel strike. Evidently Dr. Wilner exists in the covers of the novel for a twofold purpose—to expose the agonies of a liberal confronted with action and to solve the author's problem of revealing the circumstances of the massacre through "objective" eyes. With these purposes I have no argument, except that they tend to obscure the gigantic events of the workers' struggle. Mr. Levin has made the mistake of trying to describe the agony and triumph of the workers' battles side by side with the futile potterings about of his undistinguished hero. The result is hopeless confusion, the kind that I am afraid will exasperate even the "Dr. Wilner" liberals who read it.

Dr. Wilner's attempts to find his own soul might seem important, given a different setting; projected against the bitter drama of men seeking dignity and finding death, Dr. Wilner's adolescent soul-searchings peter out

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into boredom. *Citizens* skips about, from excellent sketches of the lives of the murdered men, back to the endless arguments of Dr. Wilner with his alter ego. After the first hundred pages nobody could possibly care what Dr. Wilner is going to think next—and there's no telling, either, for Mr. Levin's liberal is close enough to type to spend some five hundred pages worrying himself sick over whether the charges the Chicago cops made against the strikers were, or were not, true. Indeed, Dr. Wilner's solitary soliloquies, occupying immense sections of the text, become so irritating that about page 323 you find yourself growling, "Pipe down, Doctor, who cares?"

Possibly the aimless Dr. Wilner might have proved more important in the scheme of Mr. Levin's novel if the character were better built, more fully rounded. But Mr. Levin is content to construct a type, not a man. Perhaps it is not easy to make a professional question mark come alive, but the mechanics of Dr. Wilner show through too clearly. The strings to the puppet work out in the open for the audience to see.

Not that Mr. Levin cannot construct character; he does expert jobs with many of his workers. His sketches of the murdered men throb with life. Published separately, with a brief foreword, they would make a book to grind hearts and move the minds of men. Indeed, published separately, these sketches would be in the great tradition of American literature. But unfortunately the novel *Citizens* cannot even be tagged "distinguished," because its main theme, its main story is never realized.

It may be argued that a novelist has a perfect right to choose his subject; that Mr. Levin was writing about liberals, and not about strikes. This is true, to some extent. But evidently Mr. Levin could not master his material. In spite of everything, in spite of the heroic number of words assigned Dr. Wilner, the story of the strikers fairly leaps out of the book, confounding both Mr. Levin and Dr. Wilner.

For the Memorial Day Massacre cannot be drowned in a sea of words. The story of the steel strike belongs to the men who died in it; Mr. Levin dedicates his book to the workers who were shot to death May 30, 1937. Why didn't he write the book about them, as well as inscribe it to them? Why isn't the protagonist of *Citizens* Gus Lindstrom, or his blinded father? The tragedy of Memorial Day 1937 belongs to America, not to Mr. Levin's ill conceived liberal.

These questions are not entirely rhetorical. I am as puzzled by Mr. Levin's inept choice of hero as I am by his murky wanderings in the political field. The author of *Citizens* appears at first glance to be strictly "objective." The Communist Party comes in for a lot of vitriolic criticism, but somebody is always popping up to say in effect, "Ah, well now, it's not as bad as all that." In the course of the novel the Communist Party is accused of a dozen grave crimes, and Mr. Levin al-

lows the Communists five pages for direct rebuttal while Trotskyites, cops, stoolpigeons, Dr. Wilner himself, misled workers, dilettante society girls have hundreds of pages to air their opinions.

The form of *Citizens* requires comment. In a special note appended to the text Mr. Levin states that while many of his characters are composite ones, the story is based directly on the events of the Memorial Day Massacre. He argues that a novel is the best form to describe these events on the printed page; a factual account of the strike would not allow sufficient latitude for the novelist who must interpret as well as report events. This thesis, of course, is open to argument, and Mr. Levin's own book does much to impair his stand. The most important, moving, and exciting parts of Mr. Levin's novel are the passages based directly on facts—the least impressive sections of the book deal with fictitious characters. And, when writing of events so widely known, Mr. Levin's form sacrifices the impact of fact. The whole structure of this novel hangs awkwardly and loosely around the bones of the Memorial Day tragedy. Writers, it would seem to me, must be far more masters of their form if they would deal with specific fact successfully. John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath* (perhaps an unfair comparison) used fact next to fiction which was also fact, and the cumulative effect was stern and imposing.

I cannot find *Citizens* dramatically or structurally successful; its failure in form reflects the author's own confusion. But the whole question of whether to write a novel or a history, or a history in novel form, about a specific event in American life cannot be settled by one book, or by four books. Many better writers must experiment before some answer can be evolved.

RUTH McKENNEY.

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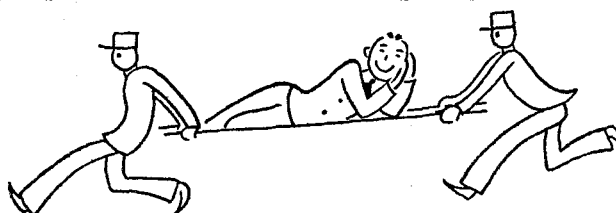
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By now you have read
BILL GROPPER'S
LETTER on page eight.

THIS week we were compelled to print **NEW MASSES** without cartoons. Next week we may not be able to go to press at all. **NEW MASSES** urgently calls on you to help at once. Every penny counts.

NEW MASSES, 461 FOURTH AVE., N. Y. C.
Enclosed is my contribution towards the New Masses "Bill of Rights" drive fund.

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economics." But by page 175 we are faced with the explanation:

The laws of economics are no more "immutable" and "inflexible" than the laws of love, or recreation, or benevolence, or any other laws that are based upon human nature, which, in spite of all proverbs to the contrary, is one of the most changeable things in the world.

We can agree that human nature can be changed, but it is new social relations which will effect that change. This new society can arise only out of new relations in production. And in the historical process we have clearly seen that it is not men's social consciousness which determines the society in which they live but rather the society that shapes their consciousness.

We observe other strange confusions. Rent and interest are "forms of prices" instead of the shares of landlord and banker in the surplus value created by labor. Depressions are caused mainly by the "harsh fact that big income receivers in modern society simply will not spend their entire receipts, or anything like it, for consumer goods and services." Since the book explodes all labor theories of value by a tautological handspring, the very concept of the surplus value which labor creates and which the entrepreneur appropriates is missing. It appears that the ownership of business gives the capitalist the ownership of the commodity "by social custom." All this is further supplemented by an insistence upon the author's "original" contribution to the science of economics, a distinction between capital and business. To this reviewer it has always appeared that a business is an organization to operate capital for a profit. But it seems we were lacking in subtlety.

In a world shaken by the imperialist lust for markets we read here, "Foreign trade is by no means extinct, but there is general agreement among experts that the day is over when it could be made a source of great prosperity to any particular nation." That is true. But its truth can be demonstrated only in terms of the unequal development of capitalism, the diminishing rate of profit, and the development and characteristics of imperialism. Of these factors there is no mention.

With such flimsy economics to explain capitalism, it is no surprise that under the heading of socialism the author can discourse on an absolute monarchy, or speculate on the desirability of retaining individual ownership of business. Of course, since socialism is "essentially democratic" the chances are that the people would not select an absolute monarch as their leader. Since socialism is not a political but an economic system, "we could still have a multiple party system."

So we arrive at socialism, the professor and the reviewer. His is the more pleasant way. This system doesn't work, therefore let's have social ownership instead of individual possession of the means of production. The book trots amiably into the future society without considering the proletariat, the class struggle, and a host of serious problems which must be considered.

ROBERT STARK.

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GOINGS ON

CURRENT EVENTS CLUB meets every THURSDAY 8:30 P.M. at 722 High Street, Newark, N. J. Lecturer: DON LESTER. Admission 25c.

SENDER GARLIN, formerly Moscow correspondent, speaks on IS FRANCE FIGHTING FOR DEMOCRACY? at Progressive Forum, 430 Sixth Avenue, on FRIDAY evening, APRIL 19, at 8:15 P.M. Subscription 25c.

CLARENCE HATHAWAY, Editor, Daily Worker, speaks SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 2:30 P.M. Subject, FROM VERSAILLES TO THE NEW WAR. Victoria Room, Irving Plaza, Irving Place & 15th Street. Admission 25c.

CONTEMPORARY THEATRE presents: TWO ONE-ACT PLAYS AND A REVIEW at Church of All Nations, Second Ave. at 1st Street, New York City. SATURDAY, APRIL 20th, 8:30 P.M. Sub. 40c.

SENDER GARLIN speaks on THE SOVIET UNION & THE WAR IN EUROPE—Midtown Forum, Hotel Monterey, 94 St. & B'way—SUN., APR. 21, 8:30 P.M. Adm. 25c.

ALFRED GOLDSTEIN, popular political analyst, reviews THE NEWS OF THE WEEK every SUNDAY EVENING, at Workers School, 2nd floor, 35 East 12 Street. Admission 25c.

Please mention NEW MASSES when patronizing advertisers

Medicine for the People

A Living Newspaper, with a message for the AMA . . . Pauline Lord in a "better-than-average" thriller . . . A new technique in folk songs.

ORIGINALLY scheduled for Federal Theater production, Oscar Saul's and H. R. Hays' *Medicine Show*, a Living Newspaper, has finally reached production at the New Yorker Theater. It is an interesting attempt to dramatize, in the form made so popular by *Triple-A Plowed Under*, *Power*, *One-Third of a Nation*, and other FTP plays, the problem of public health in the United States. The American Medical Association, which is under indictment for conspiracy in restraint of trade in the matter of a Washington group health plan, will not like the show at all. For *Medicine Show* capably attacks the bureaucratic and reactionary policies of that policy-making body of American organized medicine.

In the documentary form, it speaks of the 250,000 preventable deaths that occur annually in this country, and it points the way to a remedy for so catastrophic an incidence of curable disease. It lays the blame largely at the door of the AMA, whose insistence on the "sanctity" of the doctor-patient relationship has been made into a fetish effectively barring any progressive measures that might be undertaken in the interests of public health. It makes it clear that disease follows definite class lines, that "the poorer you are the sicker you are," and the less treatment you are likely to receive. As a signpost to reform, the play deserves a wide audience, for its appeal is direct and it hits us where we live.

But the fact remains that *Medicine Show*, while dealing in a capable and didactic manner with the statistics of nationwide medical practice, has several handicaps both in writing and direction. It moves and halts. The play expounds, in many places effectively, but does not fully attain the indignation which it should. The facts and figures of the plight of the majority of our people whose access to medical care is severely limited by their purses are not too well externalized in theatrical terms.

THE ACTORS

The performance of Martin Gabel as a statistical commentator has impact and sincerity. Alfred Ryder's Dr. Young is appealing in the conviction the actor brings to the role of a young doctor, impotent to fulfill the Hippocratic oath because he is strapped and bound by the rigidity of medical "ethics," which can deprive him of his license and his reputation for stepping "out of bounds." William Hansen, whose old man with a dog was memorable in the recent *Night Music*, gives us an excellent country doctor in a bit part. As a quack, Norman Lloyd reveals a fine sense of farce-fantasy. Hanns Eisler's incident-

tal music is integral to the play. *Medicine Show* is an honest and useful piece of work.

ANTI-WAR PLAY

Now is the time for bigger and better anti-war plays. They should be opening on every hand; they should be written by our most accomplished playwrights and performed by our most distinguished actors, and they should be available to the widest possible audience. Therefore the little anti-war play at the Cherry Lane Theater in Greenwich Village is a sadder affair than it should be. *Death Sounds the Trumpet* is the title, the author is Louis Sack, and the producer the Actors Ensemble Theater.

Inept in its writing and performance, *Death Sounds the Trumpet* is unlikely to have wide influence. We shall have to wait for Mr. Sack to show more evidence of dramaturgic talent, and the cast more signs of histrionic ability. This, of course, does not invalidate the honesty of the playwright's and performers' intentions.

SUSPECT

Edward Percy and Reginald Denham, the British authors of *Ladies in Retirement*, which you will eventually have to see, are here again with another psychological murder play, *Suspect*, which brings Pauline Lord to the Playhouse. This time they are not so happy in their choice of material or their handling of it, although the story of Mrs. Smith, suspected of having committed a particularly horrible pair of murders some twenty years before, is certainly a better-than-average effort in its class.

Again the drama springs directly from the character of the former Scots girl who did or did not kill her father and step-mother in a fit of adolescent frustration; and the suspense from the efforts of people who think they recognize her to make her resolve a tense situation by confessing. Much of the motivation and writing of this one is of a routine order. Arthur Beckhard's direction is wooden, and the authors could not resist ringing in a spot of Allied war propaganda in the bargain. But let that go for the nonce; it is barely relative to the play. The whole adds up to a fair evening of entertainment in the theater, entertainment that relies mostly on the performances of Pauline Lord as the suspect and Grayce Hampton as her nominal housekeeper.

Miss Lord, whose performance in O'Neill's *Anna Christie* has not been forgotten by a generation of playgoers, has dropped some of her more stylized mannerisms with the years. She plays with valid emotional power and dramatic instinct. Miss Hampton is a dour

Scotswoman whose stage relationship to the unhappy Mrs. Smith is gratifying in its intelligent understanding of human motives. You will want to watch them both at work.

ALVAH BESSIE.

"The Cradle"

Timely revival of Blitzstein's show at the New School.

THE blistering satire and musical charm of Marc Blitzstein's *The Cradle Will Rock* received a fairly professional expression at the New School for Social Research last week when the Flatbush Art Theater's players revived it for the last time this season. It has not lost anything since the Federal Theater refused to sponsor it and it was first presented on a bare stage with the (recently Guggenheims) composer at the piano.

Credit is due to this vigorous young group from Brooklyn, its leading lady, Betty Garrett, Bob Sharron, Lou Cooper, the musical director, and to the American Ballad Singers who performed in it. We look forward to their next season.

H. C. A.

Polish Folk Songs

Refreshing new technique of Marion Corda at Town Hall.

FOR concertgoers who wish to obtain relief from the usual stuffy and formal recitals, Miss Marion Corda is recommended. Billed at her recent Town Hall recital as a "Polish singing actress," Miss Corda in a diversified program of folk songs from different countries overcame conventional concert "niceties" by a generous use of props, body movements, and vocal manipulations. This intimate presentation abetted by style, language, diction, acting ability compensated for a voice of small proportions and achieved on the whole some very entertaining results.

The choice of material, however, was not quite so fortunate. While all folk music has an innate charm, no matter what the subject, its range is much broader than the boy-girl theme Miss Corda chose to accent. Every country has a wealth of people's music that deals with their daily work, struggles, and aspirations. From these has come some of the most poignant and touching folk music. It is to be hoped that Miss Corda will include the latter in her future recitals for not only will her repertoire have a better balance but she will acquire a new and broader audience.

LOU COOPER.

No, not this way there is another

"IT LOOKS as if the United States is going to get into this war," said twenty-three year old Lindsay Crocker to his mother. "I don't like war, and I don't want to go to war," said Lindsay Crocker. And he took his own life rather than have it taken by others . . .

He was not the chairman of the Dome Mining Company, Ltd. He did not belong to the Lotus Club, the Sands Point (L. I.) Golf Club, the Century and Country. Unlike Jules S. Bache, whose story *New Masses* brought you on last week's back cover, Lindsay Crocker was not a director of fifteen leading corporations. Unlike Jules S. Bache, he owned no art gallery at 814 Fifth Ave., no garage at 163 East 70th. He did not think that supporting the Allies was "good business." Unlike Mr. Bache, Lindsay Crocker had neutrality in his head, but his heart was heavy with the instinctive realization that the men who rule America were tormenting him, overwhelming him, driving him, plunging him into this war. Lindsay Crocker is America's first casualty. Bury the dead, say the morning papers, but Lindsay Crocker refuses to be buried. He knew what he wanted, but he didn't know the way to get it. He didn't know how. Millions of Americans share his foreboding, millions grope for a way to stay out of this war, millions are learning how. Millions of Americans want to be heard, want to say what's on their minds, want to hear friendly voices, want to share solidarity in the struggle against this war.

New Masses Offers You a Forum

a place to have your say, to let America be heard. Beginning with our very next issue, *New Masses* wants to print your letters, your argument, your discussion about this war, and how to stay out of it. *New Masses* will send the current issue of the magazine to every public figure in the progressive and labor movement, to every peace organization, to every friend of American democracy. We want their opinions, their plans of action. And you—you and your friends to whom you must bring this message—must write your own plans, your own program of action.

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Man Kills Self, Fearing U. S. Is 'Going to War'

Notes News Briefly With
Mother; Parents Find Him
Dead Few Hours Later

When he returned home yesterday morning after working the night shift in the printing shop in which he was employed, Lindsay Crocker, twenty-three years old, of 445 West Twenty-first Street, handed the morning newspapers to his mother and said glumly: "It looks as if the United States is going to get into the war. I don't like war, and I don't want to go to war."

Later Mr. and Mrs. Crocker left for Kingston, N. Y., to pass the day. When they returned at 7:30 p. m. to their apartment on the top floor of the five-story building, their son was lying dead on the kitchen floor, a suicide by gas.

He had shoved the kitchen table close to the stove, pulled a chair up to the table, placed a pillow on the table and opened the stove's jets.

Rereading the Dean of Canterbury's Cable

to *New Masses* two weeks ago, we want to take up his challenge. Let America speak up for stopping the war before it drags us in. Send your letters TODAY, get your friends to do likewise. *New Masses* will print them. WE CAN and we WILL organize America to keep out of this war, to resist the forces that want us to do their fighting. KEEP OUT OF THE WAR, KEEP ABREAST OF THE TRUTH.

NEW MASSES

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Keep Abreast of the Truth